

THRILLING TALES OF TERROR 10¢

MYSTERIOUS

ADVENTURES

JUNE, NO. 20

YOU **FRAMED** US,
PETE, AND WE **DIED**
IN THE CHAIR! NOW
IT'S **YOUR** TURN
TO **FRY!**

NO! GO AWAY!
GO AWAY! YOU'RE
ALL **DEAD!**

HORROR OF THE
AVENGING CORPSE



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

MEDICAL TABLET DISCOVERY!

SAFE, NEW,
EASY WAY!



STOPS "BED WETTING"

Without Electrical Devices...
Rubber Sheets... Alarms...

Ends Shame, Discomfort, Inconvenience
Almost Miraculously!

SIMPLE SAFE TABLET DOES IT

DRY-TABS is the same safe medical discovery that is prescribed by many doctors. Now, it is available for the first time without prescription to all the victims of BED-WETTING who long to rid themselves of this distressing habit once and for all. DRY-TABS is safe, not habit forming, contains no harmful drugs—Follow simple directions.

"DRY-TAB THERAPY" Eventually Allows BED-WETTING Victims to Function Normally Without Further Medication

DRY-TABS, in most cases, does not offer merely temporary stopgaps of BED-WETTING. In case after case, as revealed in clinical tests conducted in hospitals by medical scientists, the DRY-TABS formula proved itself to be a tablet that gives direct support to the patient in controlling his BED-WETTING. The benefits of the DRY-TABS formula may be expected to be effective beyond the period when it is taken regularly. It helps the BED-WETTING victim to retrain, leads to increase strength of sphincter and detrusor muscles controlling urination. Many cases have disclosed the use of DRY-TABS after a short time and found they were functioning normally. So BED-WETTING victims do not have to be slaves to any kind of medication if their case is of the type that responds to the re-training power of DRY-TABS. This is probably one of the greatest advancements ever made in BED-WETTING therapy. Yes, once DRY-TABS stops BED-WETTING, its use may no longer be required, normal functioning and control may be developed almost miraculously. So don't hesitate a minute longer. Order DRY-TABS Today!

DRY-TABS Amazing Formula Effective in 75% of Cases



CASE NO. 1. Healthy, intelligent boy, 9 years old. BED-WETTING since infancy. Child could not break habit. All other medication failed. DRY-TABS formula taken for two three-week periods. Child has remained well for the past three years.

CASE NO. 2. Normal boy, history of BED-WETTING since infancy. Child had no organic defect. Various cures failed. Put on DRY-TABS formula regime. After a month, habit suddenly stopped.



CASE NO. 3. Male, aged 23 years. BED-WETTING since birth. Many forms of treatment failed. Unable to accept invitation to sleep out over-night. Recently married, and embarrassed by habit. After formula taken, wet bed the first two nights but never since that time.

CASE NO. 4. Girl, aged 6 years. Wet bed since infancy. Nervous, irritable. DRY-TABS formula administered for regular period. BED-WETTING stopped almost immediately. Slight relapse. Formula administered again. Child responded immediately once more, and history reveals no further relapse.



CASE NO. 5. Man, 42 years old, wet "heavily." Medication started. Wet during second week and continued to wet when medication was withdrawn for following week. Restarted after rest period, and after five-day treatment seemed to retain control of bladder function.

CASE NO. 6. Woman, 76 years old. DRY-TABS formula administered for 5 days. Improvement, upon withdrawal of medication, improvement remained. Continued gradual return of control. One year without formula and control is adequate.



WHY endure the needless shame, embarrassment, humiliation... the discomfort and distress of this unfortunate habit? Why put up with the daily nuisance of changing and washing bed linen and clothes? Why suffer the mortification of foul smelling bedrooms... the expense of ruined furniture... the danger of catching cold and infectious rashes?

Doctors agree that BED-WETTING can cause nervousness, stuttering and emotional disturbances in children, very often seriously affecting their future and character, making them "psychological cripples."

But now the disgrace and danger of BED-WETTING can very easily be a thing of the past with amazing new DRY-TABS. At last, medical science has discovered a safe, new, easy way to stop BED-WETTING without electrical devices... without rubber sheets, alarms or special diets and without interrupting needed sleep. DRY-TABS, in easy-to-take tablet form, does away with BED-WETTING as painlessly, easily and simply as swallowing an aspirin. Yes, almost miraculously, amazing, safe DRY-TABS, used as directed, help stop functional BED-WETTING... relieve tension and strain, often the underlying cause in most cases of this unfortunate habit. Now, for the first time, safe DRY-TABS can be obtained without prescription.

DEVELOPED AFTER YEARS OF EXTENSIVE HOSPITAL AND CLINICAL RESEARCH AS REVEALED IN MEDICAL LITERATURE

The discoveries of science, many times, are brought about by indirect means. Take the case of the exclusive DRY-TABS formula. Medical practitioners chanced upon this formula while they were investigating a remedy for another illness. Noting the remarkable effect that this formula had upon BED-WETTING they concentrated their efforts on this new data and developed the formula to its present state of perfection. The result is the new DRY-TABS, a remarkable tablet that has brought new hope to thousands of tormented victims of BED-WETTING. Before this formula was released to the public, it was tested in clinics and hospitals by medical scientists on controlled groups of patients. The DRY-TABS formula is the result of thorough medical research, the same kind of research and care that is given to any product that is to be placed in the hands of the public. Chalk up BED-WETTING as one more ailment that has been conquered by the men of science. Think of it, no expensive electrical devices, cumbersome rubber sheets, special diets or mechanical alarms. Just a wonderful new tablet... DRY-TABS... product of medical research... offering the hope of a new future for all these sufferers of BED-WETTING. Be sure to order DRY-TABS today!

ADULTS: START LIVING A NORMAL LIFE TONIGHT!

Scientific tests actually prove DRY-TABS to be 75% effective in stopping this unfortunate habit—even after years of torment! End the constant worry of overnight hotel stops and fear of public embarrassment while napping on trains and buses. Don't wait another day. If you loved ones suffer the humiliation, the disgrace, insecurity and helplessness only BED-WETTING can cause, order DRY-TABS NOW! Easy to take, can be dissolved in water if necessary. Just follow simple directions.

MAKE THIS HOME TEST: Here is your guarantee of satisfaction. Try DRY-TABS for the prescribed period. If you are not completely overjoyed with DRY-TABS' amazing ability to help stop BED-WETTING, your purchase price will be refunded. Accept this no-risk offer. Order DRY-TABS now!

SEND NO MONEY: Just name and address for generous 3-week supply. On arrival pay postman only \$3.00 per package plus C.O.D. charges on guarantee of complete satisfaction or money back.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

GARY PHARMACAL CO., Dept. 840-A,
7508 Soglow Avenue, Chicago 49, Illinois

Please send me 3-week supply of DRY-TABS on guarantee BED-WETTING must be stopped or money back.

- ☐ Send C.O.D., I will pay postman \$3.00 per package plus postage.
- ☐ Cash enclosed, we pay all postage.
- ☐ Send 2 packages (6-week supply) for \$5.50.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(Printed in the United States of America)

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WELCOME, BOYS AND GHOULS! WE BEGIN OUR LOATHSOME JOURNEY INTO FEAR WITH A TERRIFYING NARRATIVE THAT WILL KEEP YOU YOWLING WITH JOY! THIS MORBID MORSEL WILL TANTILIZE YOUR IMAGINATION AND SHOCK YOUR SENSES AS IT BUILDS TO A CLIMAX BOUND TO LEAVE YOU GASPING FOR BREATH! HOLD TIGHT, KIDDIES, AS WE LEAD OFF WITH.

GHOULASH



ELAINE SMILES HAPPILY AS SHE STROLLS SLOWLY DOWN THE SILENT STREET WITH THE WOLFE BROTHERS. SHE FEELS SMUG AND CONTENTED... AND WHY NOT? HOW MANY GIRLS HAVE TWO SUCH ATTRACTIVE MEN IN LOVE WITH THEM?

IT WAS NICE OF YOU TO COME TO THE MOVIES WITH US, FRANK, OLD BOY, NOW IF YOU'LL JUST RUN ALONG, ELAINE AND I...

OH, NO, YOU DON'T, TAD! IF ANYBODY LEAVES, IT'S YOU!



BUT ELAINE PLAYS NO FAVORITES. SHE TREATS THE BROTHERS EXACTLY ALIKE AND IN THE THREE MONTHS THEY'VE BEEN DATING HER, SHE'S GIVEN NO INDICATION OF HER PREFERENCE...

GODD NIGHT, HONEY!

SLEEP TIGHT, BABY!



THANKS FOR A FINE EVENING, FELLAS!

HER HEART SWELLS WITH PRIDE AS SHE STANDS ON THE PORCH AND WATCHES THEM WALK AWAY. THEY'RE **BOTH** SUCH MANLY SPECIMENS!

YOU CAN'T KEEP THIS UP **MUCH** LONGER, HONEY! ONE OF THESE DAYS YOU'VE GOT TO CHOOSE BETWEEN US!

YEAH, LET'S **HURRY UP** AND GET **RID** OF HIM, ELAINE!

LOOK AT THEM... BOTH **MINE**!

BUT THE RIVALRY BETWEEN THE WOLFE BROTHERS IS A FRIENDLY ONE. THEY'VE LIVED TOGETHER SINCE THE DEATH OF THEIR PARENTS AND NOT EVEN THEIR MUTUAL LOVE FOR ELAINE INTERFERES WITH BROTHERLY AFFECTION.

SHE SURE IS A **LUSCIOUS** GIRL, EH, FRANK?

YUP, **LUSCIOUS** IS **JUST** THE WORD, TAO!

WHEN SHE GETS HOME ELAINE PREPARES FOR BED AND STROLLS INTO THE KITCHEN FOR A SNACK. IT'S **MIDNIGHT** AND SHE'S **HUNGRY**.

I'M **STARVING**! GUESS I MIGHT AS WELL **FINISH UP** LAST WEEK'S **MENU**!

ELAINE'S EATING HABITS LEAVE A LITTLE SOMETHING TO BE DESIRED, EH, KIDDIES? LOOK AT THE WAY SHE LEANS OVER THE FREEZER AND JUST **DIGS IN**! BUT WHAT'S THAT STICKING OUT... **AN ARM**?

HMMM, THIS **REALLY** HITS THE SPOT!

LET'S FACE IT, FRIENDS, THERE'S NO DENYING IT! **ELAINE IS A VAMPIRE**! AND HER "**MIDNIGHT SNACK**" IS THE **BLOOD** OF HER LAST **VICTIM**...

TOO BAD... THIS IS THE **END** OF IT! NOT ANOTHER **DRDP** LEFT!

BUT OF COURSE, THE LOVING BROTHERS KNOW NOTHING OF ELAINE'S TRUE NATURE. WHAT A **PITY**, THEY CAN'T SEE HER NOW, **BLOOD** DRIED ON HER LIPS, HER NAILS **LONG** AND **SHARP**, AND HER TEETH FORMED INTO NEEDLE-LIKE **FANGS**!

(YAWN) IT'S TOO LATE TO GO **HUNTING** TONIGHT BUT TOMORROW I'LL HAVE TO GET **BUSY**... THE **FREEZER'S EMPTY**!

AND WHAT DOES SHE MEAN BY "**HUNTING**," YOU ASK? WELL, IT'S THIS WAY, KIDS: ELAINE'S DIET CONSISTS **ONLY** OF HUMAN BLOOD AND IN ORDER TO KEEP A **FRESH SUPPLY**, EVERY WEEK OR TEN DAYS IT'S NECESSARY FOR HER TO **KILL**! LET'S GO BACK AND SEE HOW SHE TRAPPED THAT POOR FELLOW WHO PROVIDED THE "**SNACK**"...

SCHWEET (HIC!)
ADELINE, SCHWEET
(HIC) ADELINE...

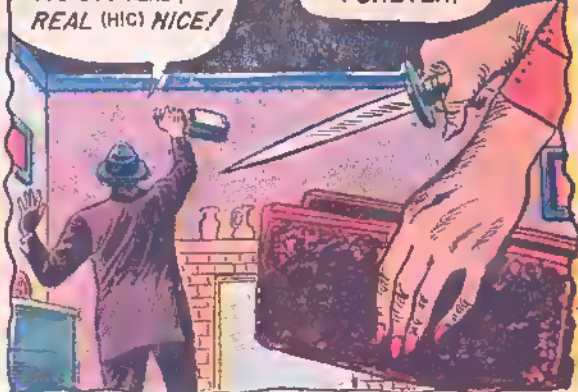
EXCUSE ME, *HANOSOME*, BUT I WONDER IF YOU'D MIND WALKING ME HOME! THESE DARK STREETS 'FRIGHTEN ME!

I'D (HIC) CONSIDER IT AN *HONOR* TO WALK YOU HOME, BABY! C'MON, AND HAVE A LIL' OLE *ORINK!* (HIC)

THE POOR SAPP FELL FOR IT LIKE A TON OF BRICKS AND WHEN THEY REACHED THE HOUSE, ELAINE INVITED HIM IN...

SHAY, THIS IS A *SCHWELL* PLACE YOU GOT HERE! *REAL* (HIC) *NICE!*

I'M GLAD YOU LIKE IT, *SUCKER*... YOU'RE GOING TO BE STAYING HERE *FOREVER!*



WHATCHA TALKIN' ABOUT, HONEY? I CAN'T... *YAHHHH!* YOUR FACE... YOU...

THAT'S RIGHT, *BRIGHT-EYES*, I'M A *VAMPIRE!* TOO BAD, ISN'T IT? TOO BAD FOR YOU!

ELAINE IS AN EXPERT WITH THAT KNIFE... ONE QUICK MOVEMENT AND THE DRUNK'S NECK WAS SLASHED ALMOST IN TWO...

AIEEEEE!



THAT NIGHT, AS SHE ALWAYS DOES ON THE NIGHT OF A KILL, ELAINE HAD A LITTLE PARTY. BEFORE FREEZING THE BODY SHE TREATED HERSELF TO A PINT OF *WARM BLOOD!*

AND THEN THE BODY WAS PUT IN THE FREEZER WHERE, THANKS TO MODERN CONVENIENCES, ELAINE'S FOOD SUPPLY IS KEPT *FRESH AND WHOLESOME...*

OKAY, KIDDIES, NOW YOU'VE SEEN HOW IT'S DONE. NOT VERY *PLEASANT*, EH? BUT AFTER ALL, A GIRL'S GOT TO EAT!... IT'S THE NEXT DAY NOW, AND, AS USUAL, ELAINE HAS A DATE WITH TED AND FRANK WOLFE.

HMMMMMMM, DELICIOUS!

THERE YOU GO, *BIG BOY!* YOU SHOULD LAST AT LEAST TEN OR TWELVE DAYS!

HEY, HONEY, WE'VE GOT SOMETHING *IMPORTANT* TO ASK YOU!

START ASKING, FELLAS!



WELL, IT'S THIS WAY! YOU KNOW WE BOTH LOVE YOU ... BUT SO FAR YOU HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO CHOOSE BETWEEN US!

SO WE THOUGHT IF THE THREE OF US SPENT OUR VACATIONS TOGETHER AND YOU REALLY GOT TO KNOW US, MAYBE YOU'D DECIDE WHICH ONE TO MARRY!



A SLOW SMILE OF PLEASURE CROSSES ELAINE'S FACE. THIS IS PERFECT... IF SHE'D PLANNED IT HERSELF, IT COULDN'T BE BETTER!

IT SOUNDS MARVELOUS... AND I KNOW JUST THE PLACE! AN ISOLATED LAKE IN THE MOUNTAINS! WE CAN RENT CABINS AND GO SWIMMING AND FISHING AND HAVE A SWELL TIME!



WHAT'S THE CATCH, YOU ASK? WHAT'S ELAINE GOT UP HER SLEEVE? OBVIOUSLY, SHE CAN'T MARRY EITHER OF THE WOLFE BROTHERS... LET'S INTRUDE ON HER THOUGHTS AS SHE PACKS FOR THE TRIP THREE WEEKS LATER AND MAYBE WE'LL FIND OUT!

I KNEW IF I WAITED LONG ENOUGH I COULD GET BOTH OF THEM! AND NOW I WILL!



YES, ELAINE IS GREEDY! THE BROTHERS ARE SUCH IDEAL SPECIMENS OF MANHOOD THAT ELAINE COULDN'T BEAR THE THOUGHT OF SETTLING FOR ONE WHEN SHE MIGHT BE ABLE TO TRAP BOTH!

IT'LL BE SO EASY TO ARRANGE IT AT THE LAKE... SO EASY!



AND TO INSURE AN AMPLE SUPPLY OF FOOD UNTIL TAD AND FRANK BECOME HER FEAST, ELAINE GOES HUNTING ON THE NIGHT BEFORE THE VACATION IS TO BEGIN



WHEN THE BROTHERS ARRIVE EARLY THE NEXT MORNING SHE'S EAGERLY AWAITING THEM...

HEY, WHAT ARE ALL THESE THERMOS BOTTLES FOR? WHAT'S IN 'EM?

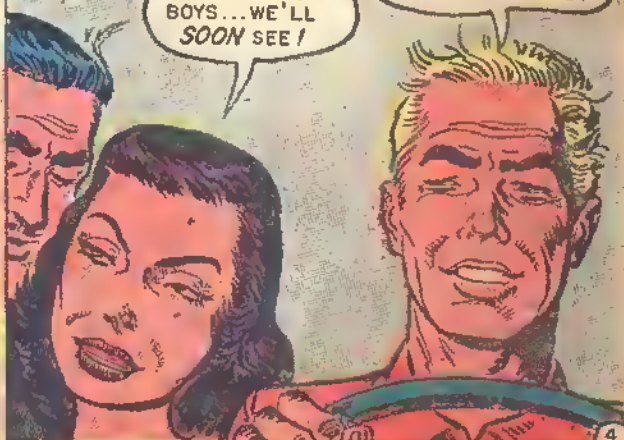
TOMATO JUICE! THE CABINS ARE FIVE MILES FROM THE NEAREST STORE AND I'M MISERABLE IF I DON'T HAVE MY TOMATO JUICE THE FIRST THING EVERY MORNING!



I'LL HAVE TO REMEMBER THAT AFTER WE'RE MARRIED, DARLING!

YOU'RE JUST DREAMING, TAD! I'M THE GUY SHE'S GOING TO CHOOSE!

WE'LL SEE, BOYS... WE'LL SOON SEE!



THEY REACH THEIR DESTINATION IN THE LATE AFTERNOON AND, AS ELAINE HAD PROMISED, THE CABINS ARE COMPLETELY REMOTE FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

ISN'T IT *BEAUTIFUL*? SO QUIET AND PEACEFUL! WE'RE ALL *ALONE*!

JUST THE *THREE* OF US...

...ALL *ALONE*!

THE TWO MEN GO TO THEIR CABIN AND ELAINE GOES TO HERS... THE FIRST THING SHE DOES IS OPEN ONE OF THE THERMOS BOTTLES! IT'S DINNER TIME!

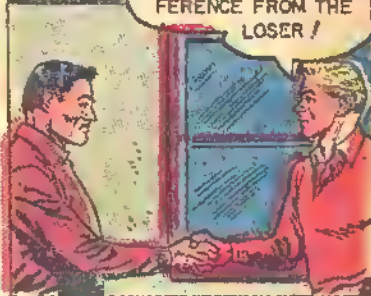
(GUZZLE) UGH! I HATE IT IN BOTTLES... THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THE REAL THING!



AND IN THEIR CABIN, THE TWO WOLFE BROTHERS MAKE A VOW...

...AND MAY THE *BEST* MAN WIN, FRANK!

RIGHT, TAD... AND REMEMBER OUR *PLEDGE*... NO HARD FEELINGS. WHOEVER *WINS* HAS HER *ALL* TO HIM-SELF WITH NO INTERFERENCE FROM THE LOSER!



FOR THE FIRST TWO DAYS ELAINE IS CONTENT MERELY TO ENJOY THE VACATION... BUT AS THE THIRD EVENING APPROACHES SHE GETS HER PLAN INTO ACTION.

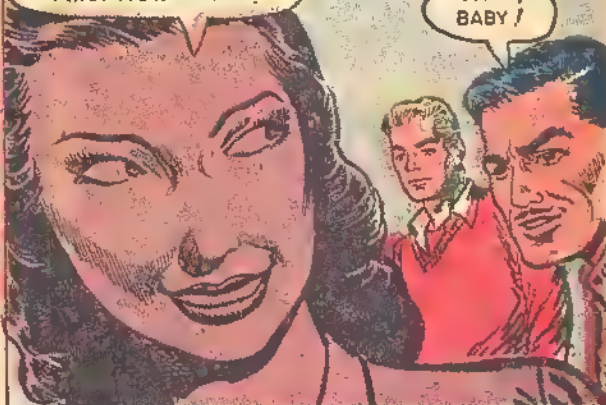
YOU KNOW, BOYS, THERE'S JUST ONE *PROBLEM*! I'VE NEVER SEEN EITHER OF YOU *ALONE*... HOW CAN I TELL WHICH I LOVE UNLESS I KNOW WHAT EACH OF YOU IS LIKE *INDIVIDUALLY*!

SAY, THAT'S RIGHT! WHAT'LL WE DO, HONEY?



DON'T WORRY, *DARLINGS*, WE CAN SETTLE IT *EASILY*! TAD, WHY DON'T YOU STROLL OVER TO MY CABIN *BY YOURSELF* AFTER DINNER? AND, FRANK, I'LL SEE YOU *TOMORROW* NIGHT!

IT'S A DATE, BABY!



TAD ARRIVES AT EIGHT O'CLOCK AND AS ELAINE LURES HIM INVITINGLY TOWARD THE COUCH HIS VOICE GROWS HUSKY WITH EMOTION...

YOU *KNOW* YOU LOVE ME, ELAINE! IT'S GOT TO BE ME! YOU'RE *MINE*!

YES, TAD... AND YOU'RE *MINE*!



THE ROOM IS DARK AND AS TAD BURIES HIS HEAD IN ELAINE'S SHOULDER, CARESSING HER NECK, HE CAN'T SEE HER FACE... OR THE KNIFE WHICH GLEAMS IN HER HAND.

DARLING, DARLING...

JUST ONE MORE SECOND... ONE MORE SECOND!



BUT THAT ONE SECOND IS TOO LONG! JUST AS ELAINE BRINGS THE KNIFE INTO POSITION, THE CABIN DOOR BURSTS OPEN AND FRANK STANDS SILHOUETTED IN THE MOONLIGHT . . .

TAO, COME OUT HERE! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU! GET UP OFF THAT COUCH!

OKAY, OKAY, STOP YELLING! I'M COMING!



FOR A MOMENT THE ANGER IN FRANK'S VOICE FRIGHTENS ELAINE. HAS HE SEEN THE KNIFE? DOES HE KNOW THE TRUTH? SHE LISTENS, CROUCHED DOWN BEHIND A WINDOW, AS THE TWO MEN TALK . . .

I TELL YOU I CAN'T STAND IT! KNOWING YOU'RE INSIDE THERE KISSING HER! WE'LL HAVE TO THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE! THIS WON'T WORK!

NOW, WAIT A MINUTE, FRANK! WE MADE A BARGAIN AND YOU'RE GOING TO STICK TO IT!



ELAINE SMILES WITH RELIEF! THEY'RE ARGUING OVER HER . . . THE FOOLS! BUT MINUTES LATER THE ARGUMENT TURNS INTO A FIGHT AND INSTEAD OF WORDS, THE WOLFE BROTHERS EXCHANGE PUNCHES . . .

SHE'S MINE... YOU CAN'T HAVE HER!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! SHE'S MINE AND I'M NOT SHARING HER!

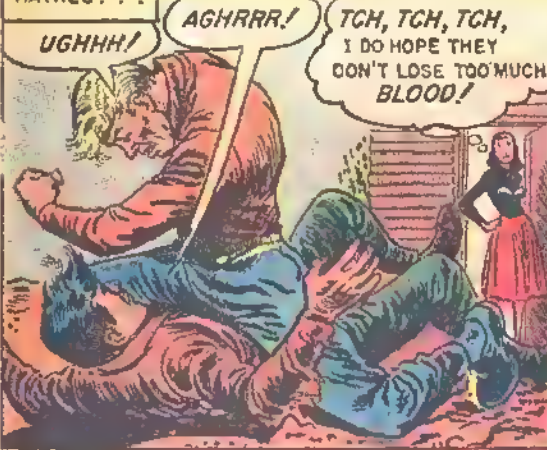


THE LONG MONTHS OF RESENTMENT AND JEALOUSY NOW BURST FORTH WITH UNABATED FURY AND THE BROTHERS TEAR INTO ONE ANOTHER WITH SEARING HATRED . . .

UGH!!!

AGHRRR!

TCH, TCH, TCH, I DO HOPE THEY DON'T LOSE TOO MUCH BLOOD!



AT TIMES IT APPEARS THAT FRANK WILL BE THE WINNER . . .

F-FRANK, MY THROAT! Y-YOU'RE STRANGLING ME...



BUT THEN, ONLY SECONDS LATER, THE TIDE IS REVERSED AND TAD HOLDS THE UPPER HAND . . .

AIEEEEE!



FINALLY, ELAINE GIVES UP IN DISGUST AND RETURNS INSIDE THE CABIN TO AWAIT THE VICTOR . . .

IDIOTS! FOOLS! WHY DO THEY WASTE TIME LIKE THIS... I HUNGER FOR A GOOD HOT MEAL!



AND THEN, AT LAST, THERE IS SILENCE OUTSIDE! THE FIGHT IS OVER AND FOOTSTEPS SLOWLY APPROACHED THE CABIN...THE DOOR OPENS AND ELAINE TURNS TO FIND...

ELAINE FEELS RAGE SLOWLY CREEPING OVER HER! HER PATIENCE IS AT AN END... SHE WANTS THEM... **NOW!**

SO YOU'LL **SHARE** ME, WILL YOU? HA HA HA HA! THAT'S FUNNY... **VERY FUNNY!**

BUT...BUT YOU'RE **BOTH** HERE! YEAH, **NEITHER** OF US COULD WIN!

BUT WE'VE COME TO A **DECISION**, HONEY!

WE'RE GOING TO **SHARE** YOU! IT'S THE **ONLY** WAY! IT'S SOMETHING NEW IN THE **WOLFE** FAMILY HISTORY... BUT THERE'S **NOTHING ELSE** WE CAN DO!

IT'S NOT SO FUNNY, HONEY! THAT WAY **WE'LL EACH** GET A PART OF YOU!

BUT ELAINE HAS HEARD ENOUGH TALK... SHE WHIRLS, THE LONG KNIFE GLITTERING IN HER HAND, AND CHARGES AT THE WOLFE BROTHERS! BUT, WAIT A MINUTE, WHAT'S GOING ON HERE...?

ELAINE CAN'T BELIEVE HER EYES... HER HEART POUNDS IN TERROR AND SHE BACKS SLOWLY AWAY, FEAR EATING AT EVERY FIBER OF HER BEING...

DON'T BE **AFRAID**, HONEY... IT WON'T HURT **MUCH!**

WE **PLANNED** THE WHOLE THING, VACATION AND EVERYTHING! BUT THEN WE COULDN'T DECIDE WHO SHOULD **HAVE** YOU! NOW, THE **PROBLEM'S SOLVED!**

G-GET AWAY FROM ME! D-DON'T COME NEAR ME...

BUT, HONEY, WE HAVE TO COME NEAR YOU... **TO EAT YOU!**

SURE, THAT'S THE WAY IT IS WITH US WOLFES! US WEREWOLVES!

YAHHHHHHHHHH!

THE END

In 10 Minutes of **FUN** a day I changed myself

Now, Buddy **YOU**

Mail the Coupon below

as I did!

May be LAST

CHANCE before \$1 price

goes back!

5 FREE

Millions have been sold at \$1.

1

LOOK AT JIM NORMAN'S HEROIC CHEST NOW

HOW TO MOLD A

MIGHTY CHEST

2

HOW TO MOLD A

MIGHTY ARM

3

HOW TO MOLD A

MIGHTY BACK

4

HOW TO MOLD A

MIGHTY GRIP

5

HOW TO MOLD

MIGHTY LEGS

Ken GRIMM AFTER MAILING COUPON

from this Bloodless, Pitiful

SKINNY SHRIMP

to this

NEW MUSCULAR RED-BLOODED HEAD-TO-TOE HE-MAN!

Ken Grimm BEFORE mailing coupon

I just

GAINED 35 NEW LBS.

OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED

MUSCLES!

You can do the same as I and THOUSANDS have
You can add 10 inches to your CHEST
6 inches to each ARM and
the rest in proportion as I did.

NO! friend you don't have to be **SKINNY, WEAK** or **FLABBY** any more
just mail **NOW** the **FREE** coupon below as I did.

Besides getting **ALL 5** Courses (pictured on this page) **FREE** (MILLIONS HAVE BEEN SOLD FOR \$1.)
you'll ALSO get **FREE** a big **BOOK** of **PHOTOS** of **STRONG MEN**
and **BOYS** who were **WEAKLINGS** like you **BEFORE** mailing coupon.

THIS THRILLING BOOK WILL ALSO TELL YOU

HOW YOU

CAN WIN A BIG 15" TALL SILVER CUP
as I just did
and how to

WIN \$100.

LAST CHANCE-ALL FREE COUPON

1. FIVE COURSES 2. MUSCLE MEETER
3. PHOTO BODY 4. STRONG MEN

Dept. MO-44

Tell Me How To WIN \$100, etc.

JOEWEI INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.
Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Joewei's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meeter, plus all 5 JOEWEI Building Courses: 1 How to Build a Mighty Chest 2 How to Build a Mighty Arm 3 How to Build a Mighty Grip 4 How to Build a Mighty Back 5 How to Build Mighty Legs. How all in One Volume. How to become a Mighty HE-MAN. ENCLOSE FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (op. C.O.D. 5c)

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

MAIL NOW! SAVES YOU YEARS and DOLLARS!



Borrow Money **BY MAIL!**

ON YOUR OWN SIGNATURE

ANY AMOUNT

\$50⁰⁰ to \$600⁰⁰

Our Guarantee
If for any reason you return the money within 10 days after the loan is made there will be no charge or cost to you.

Quick — Easy — Private — Confidential

**No Matter Where You Live in the U. S. — You Can Borrow from State Finance
No Endorsers or Co-Signers Needed — Complete Privacy Assured!**

So much easier than calling on friends and relatives . . . so much more business-like . . . to borrow the money you need **BY MAIL** from fifty-year old State Finance Company. No matter where you live in the U. S., you can borrow any amount from \$50.00 to \$600.00 **entirely by mail in complete privacy** without asking anyone to co-sign or endorse your loan. Friends, neighbors, employer . . . will **NOT** know you are applying for a loan. Convenient monthly budget payments. If loan is repaid ahead of time, you pay **ONLY** for the time you actually use the money! If you are over 25 years of age and steadily employed, simply mail the coupon below for your **FREE Loan Application and Loan Papers**. State amount you want to borrow. *Everything you need to make a loan by return mail will be sent to you in a plain envelope!* So mail the coupon below today!

**Thousands of Men and Women Like Yourself Use Our
Confidential By-Mail Loan Service**

Repay in Convenient Monthly Installments

Monthly payments are made to fit your budget best. You can start paying six weeks after the loan is made, and repay in convenient monthly payments out of your future earnings. The cost of the loan is regulated by the laws of the State of Nebraska. For example, if the loan is repaid ahead

of time, you pay only for the time you use the money . . . not one day longer! One out of three applicants get cash on their signature only. Furniture and auto loans are also made. No matter in which state you live, you can borrow from State Finance Company in complete confidence.

Clip and Mail Coupon Below for Fast Action

FREE LOAN PAPERS

NO OBLIGATION

If you are over 25 years of age and steadily employed, simply mail the coupon below for your Loan Application, sent to you in a plain envelope. There is no obligation, and you'll get fast action. You can get the money you need to help pay bills, to buy furniture, to repair your home or car, to pay doctor or hospital bills, to pay for a vacation, a trip, or for schooling, or for any other purpose. This money is here, waiting for you, so rush this coupon today!

CONFIDENTIAL

Complete privacy is assured. No one knows you are applying for a loan. All details are handled in the privacy of your own home, and entirely by mail. **ONLY YOU AND WE KNOW ABOUT IT!**

IMPORTANT

You must be at least 25 years old to borrow by mail from State Finance.

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HEH, HEH, HEH... GREETINGS, GHOULS! WELCOME TO THE COFFIN OF TERROR! WE'VE GOT A JUICY MORSEL TO APPEASE YOUR GORY APPETITES! THIS SICKENING SAGA WILL DELIGHT THE HUNGRIEST OF HORROR DEVOTEES! COME, PULL UP YOUR HIGHCHAIRS, ATTACH YOUR RANCID BIBS AND PREPARE TO SINK YOUR FANGS INTO SOME...

CHEF'S DELIGHT

A MASTERPIECE, GASTON! SHEER ARTISTRY!

YOU'RE SO RIGHT, ALPHONSE! AND ONCE WE DIP THESE FOOLS IN OUR SPECIAL SHRINKING FORMULA, WE'LL HAVE TWO DOLLS TO PUT ON TOP OF THE CAKE AS BRIDE AND GROOM! HAHAHAHA!

OUR SCENE OPENS IN THE CAFE GOURMET, THE MOST EXPENSIVE AND EXCLUSIVE RESTAURANT IN THE SWANK MOULIN ROUGE DISTRICT OF PARIS. HERE, AMID PLUSH SURROUNDINGS, WEALTHY PATRONS DINE ON THE SUPERB CUISINE OF FRANCOIS NICOLE, CHEF SUPREME OF THE CAFE...

EXCELLENT, EXCELLENT, HENRI! THE STUFFED CALF'S HEART HAS NEVER BEEN BETTER! SEND OUR COMPLIMENTS TO FRANCOIS!

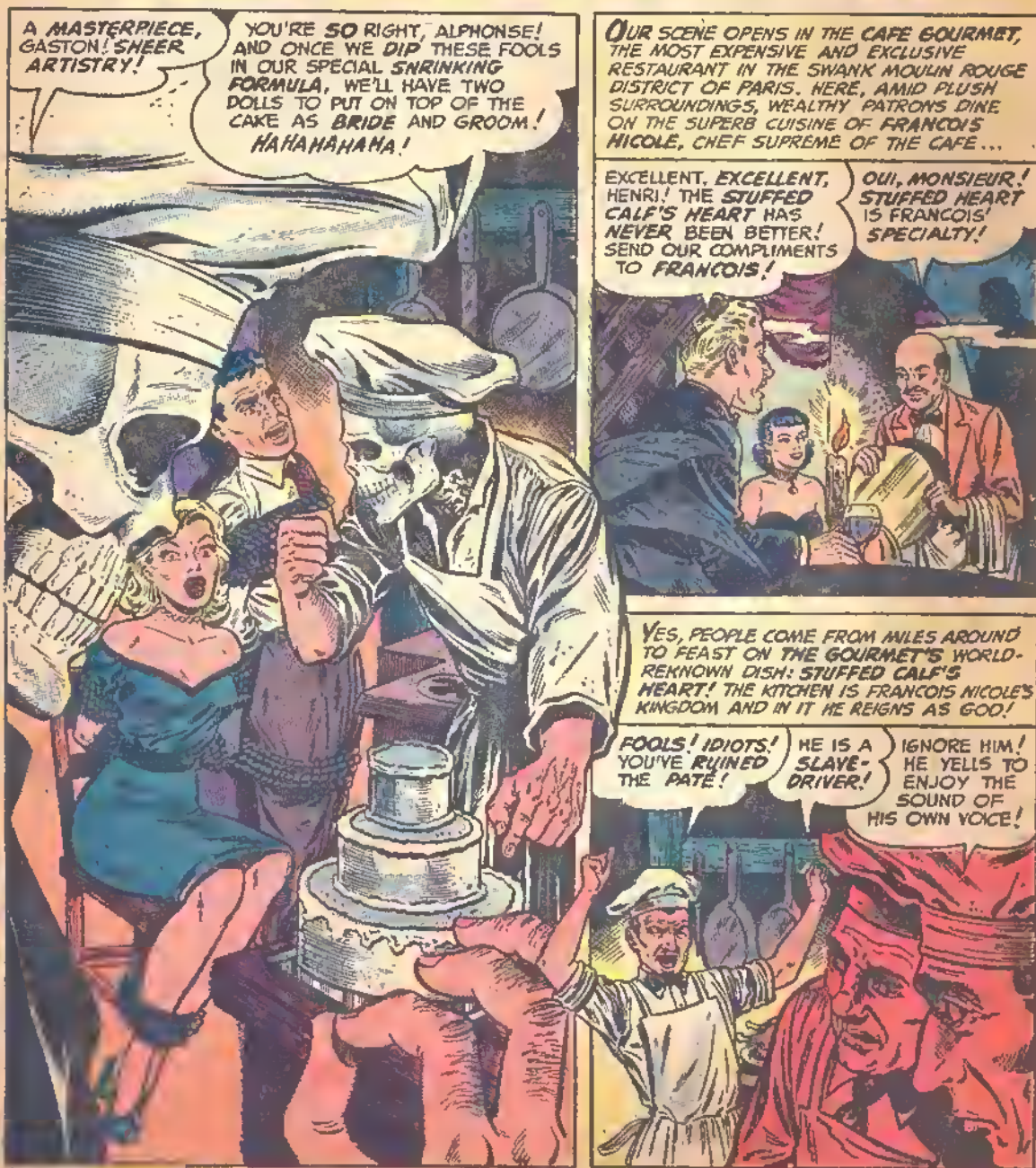
OUI, MONSIEUR! STUFFED HEART IS FRANCOIS' SPECIALTY!

YES, PEOPLE COME FROM MILES AROUND TO FEAST ON THE GOURMET'S WORLD-REKOWN DISH: STUFFED CALF'S HEART! THE KITCHEN IS FRANCOIS NICOLE'S KINGDOM AND IN IT HE REIGNS AS GOD!

FOOLS! IDIOTS! YOU'VE RUINED THE PATE!

HE IS A SLAVE-DRIVER!

IGNORE HIM! HE YELLS TO ENJOY THE SOUND OF HIS OWN VOICE!



THE ASSISTANT COOKS AREN'T ALONE IN THEIR DISLIKE OF FRANCOIS. THE WAITERS, THE CASHIERS, EVEN THE BOSSES OF THE CAFE GOURMET HATE FRANCOIS' GUTS!

ANOTHER RAISE! MAIS NON! NON! WE INCREASED YOUR SALARY ONLY LAST MONTH!

TOO BAD, MESSIEURS! THE CAFE EPICURE HAS OFFERED ME MORE MONEY! I SHALL LEAVE AT THE END OF THE WEEK!

BUT, OF COURSE, THE GOURMET CANNOT AFFORD TO LOSE FRANCOIS! WITHOUT HIS KITCHEN MAGIC, BUSINESS WOULD FALL OFF TO NOTHING... AND SO, AS USUAL, THEY GIVE IN TO HIS EXORBITANT DEMANDS...

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, YOU WIN! WE'LL MEET THE EPICURE'S PRICE!

HAHA! YOU ARE TOO TOO KIND, MESSIEURS!

FRANCOIS IS THE HIGHEST PAID CHEF IN ALL OF PARIS. HE DRESSES EXPENSIVELY...

BON SOIR, MY POOR PIGS! THAT IS ALL YOU ARE FIT FOR... WASHING DISHES...

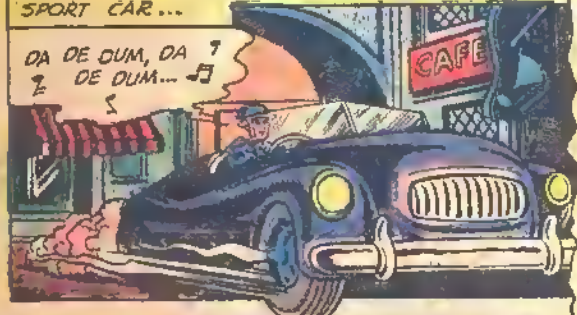


DARLING, DARLING!

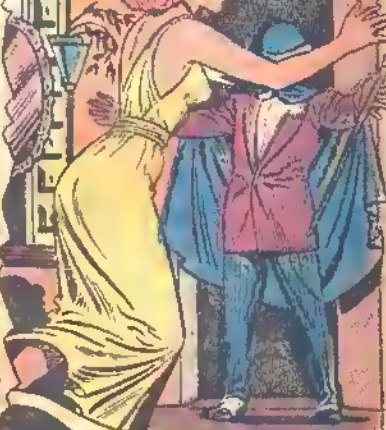
BABETTE, MY SWEET...

AND HE DRIVES A HIGH-POWERED CUSTOM-BUILT SPORT CAR...

DA DE DUM, DA ?
DE DUM... ♪



UPON LEAVING THE RESTAURANT, FRANCOIS GUIDES THE CAR TO A LARGE APARTMENT BUILDING ALONG THE SWANK RUE DE LA PAIX. THE ELEVATOR TAKES HIM TO THE TOP FLOOR WHERE, USING HIS KEY, HE ENTERS AN ELEGANTLY FURNISHED LIVING ROOM. BUT THE ROOM IS NOT EMPTY, SOMEONE AWAITS FRANCOIS' ARRIVAL...



A TOUCHING LITTLE SCENE, EH? THE FAITHFUL WIFE GREETING HER... BUT WAIT A MINUTE! WHO SAID SHE WAS HIS WIFE? NO, KIDDIES, LUSCIOUS BABETTE IS NOT FRANCOIS' WIFE! INSTEAD, SHE IS HIS TOY... A GORGEOUS DOLL!

FRANCOIS, DARLING, I SAW THE SWEETEST FUR PIECE TODAY! A STOLEN SPECIAL...

SAY NO MORE, ANGEL! IT'S YOURS! I'LL WRITE OUT A CHECK BEFORE I LEAVE!



YES, BABETTE IS AN EXPENSIVE TOY BUT FRANCOIS IS WILD ABOUT HER AND NO PRICE IS TOO HIGH! HE PAYS THE RENTAL ON HER APARTMENT, BUYS HER CLOTHES AND EVERY WEEK GIVES HER AN "ALLOWANCE!" BUT NEVER FEAR, KIDDIES, FRANCOIS FEELS HIS BELOVED IS WORTH EVERY FRANC...



WHEN FRANCOIS LEAVES BABETTE, DAWN IS JUST BREAKING OVER THE PARISIAN SKY. ONCE AGAIN HE ENTERS THE SLEEK BLACK CAR AND SETTLES BEHIND THE WHEEL... BUT THIS TIME HE DRIVES TO A SLUM SECTOR OF TOWN... WHERE ANOTHER WOMAN AWAITS HIM...

WHAT'S THE EXCUSE TONIGHT? WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

DON'T START THAT AGAIN, MARIE! IT'S LATE AND I'M TIRED!



YES, AS YOU CAN SEE, FRANCOIS DOES HAVE A WIFE! MARIE AND FRANCOIS HAVE BEEN MARRIED TEN YEARS. THEY HAVE TWO CHILDREN... BUT NEITHER HIS WIFE OR CHILDREN SEE MUCH OF THE ERRING HEAD-OF-THE-HOUSE...

NOW QUIET, CHILDREN! YOUR FATHER'S SLEEPING!

BUT, MAMA, HE ALWAYS SLEEPS! HE NEVER TALKS OR PLAYS WITH US!



AND, DESPITE HIS LARGE INCOME, FRANCOIS PROVIDES LITTLE BETTER THAN A STARVATION INCOME TO HIS FAMILY...

BUT, FRANCOIS, YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE ME MORE MONEY! THE CHILDREN NEED WINTER COATS AND...

THEY'LL HAVE TO DO WITHOUT THEM! I HAVE NO MONEY TO GIVE YOU!



THE CHEF DESPISES HIS RESPONSIBILITY TOWARD MARIE AND THE CHILDREN. HE HOPES TO DRIVE HIS WIFE TO SEEK A DIVORCE AND THUS GAIN HIS FREEDOM!

YOU BEAST! HAVE YOU NO HEART? THEY'RE YOUR CHILDREN! YOUR OWN FLESH AND BLOOD! MON DIEU, DO YOU WISH THEM TO STARVE!

FRANKLY, MARIE, I DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO THEM!



FRANCOIS' WORDS DRIVE MARIE INTO A FRENZY OF DESPAIR AND SHE SLAPS HIM... BUT HER HUSBAND IS MORE THAN A MATCH FOR HER...

YOU FILTHY PIG! HOW DARE YOU SLAP ME?



I (SOB) I HATE YOU! HATE YOU!

THAT'S FINE WITH ME... BUT I WARN YOU, IF YOU EVER LAY A HAND ON ME AGAIN, YOU'LL GET THE BEATING OF YOUR LIFE!



NOT A VERY PRETTY PICTURE, IS IT, KIDDIES? BUT NEVER FEAR, FRANCOIS WILL PAY FOR HIS SINS IN THE END. FOR A MONTH, HOWEVER, HE CONTINUES TO RIDE HIGH! AT THE RESTAURANT, HIS CULINARY ARTISTRY IS AS DELECTABLE AS EVER...

THIS IS FOR MONSIEUR BELDERE! DON'T LET IT COOL, FOOL!

OUI, FRANCOIS! ONE STUFFED CALF'S HEART FOR THE MAYOR!



AND WITH BABETTE, HIS POPULARITY INCREASES AS HIS "GENEROSITY" INCREASES...

... AND IT'S ONLY 10,000 FRANCS, DARLING!

GO AHEAD, MY PET, GET IT TOMORROW AND HAVE THE STORE SEND ME THE BILL!

THE ONLY FLY IN FRANCOIS' OINTMENT CONTINUES TO BE MARIE... WHOSE DEMANDS IRRITATE HIM MORE AND MORE...

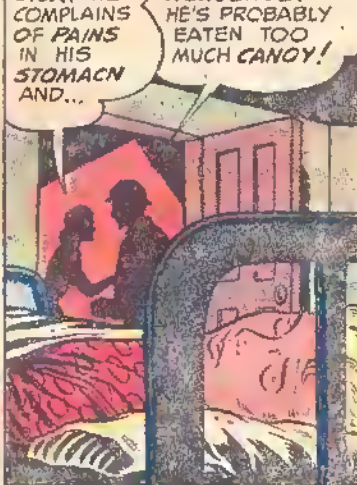
FRANCOIS, MICHEL IS SICK! HE COMPLAINS OF PAINS IN HIS STOMACH AND...

DON'T BOTHER ME WITH THIS NONSENSE! HE'S PROBABLY EATEN TOO MUCH CANDY!

FRANCOIS IS TIRED THIS MORNING. LAST NIGHT HE TOOK BABETTE ON A SPREE AND HIS HEAD ACHES FROM TOO MUCH CHAMPAGNE. NO, HE HAS NO TIME OR PATIENCE TO LISTEN TO MARIE'S FEARS...

FRANCOIS, PLEASE, I BEG YOU! HE'S YOUR SON! HE NEEDS A DOCTOR! LET ME CALL...

LET GO OF ME, YOU HYSTERICAL WOMAN! THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH HIM! I FORBID YOU TO WASTE MY MONEY ON DOCTORS! NOW, SHUT UP!



BUT, INSTEAD OF REMAINING SILENT, MARIE CONTINUES TO PLEAD WITH FRANCOIS. SHE PULLS AT HIS SLEEVE, YANKS ON HIS ARM... AND IN A FIT OF VIOLENT RAGE, HE ATTACKS HER...

I WARNED YOU TO KEEP YOUR DIRTY HANDS OFF ME! I WARNED YOU, MARIE!

YAH!!!

MAMA! MAMA!

BUT EVEN THE SOUND OF HIS SON'S ANGUISHED SCREAMS DO NOT STOP FRANCOIS! HE RAISES THE HEAVY CANE AGAIN AND AGAIN!

I'LL TEACH YOU TO LEAVE ME ALONE! CLUMSY, STUPID WOMAN!

STOP IT! STOP IT!

OH!! OH!!

BUT THE HORROR IS NOT COMPLETE UNTIL FRANCOIS SLAPS MICHEL AND SENDS THE BOY HURTLING ACROSS THE ROOM...

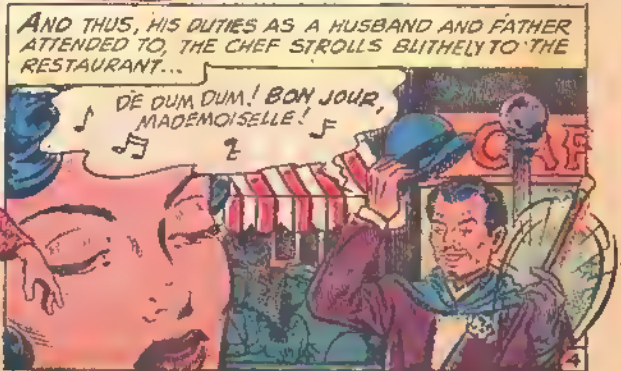
I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO REALLY BE SICK ABOUT, YOU LITTLE MONSTER!

SLAP!

OH!!!

AND THUS, HIS DUTIES AS A HUSBAND AND FATHER ATTENDED TO, THE CHEF STROLLS BLITHELY TO THE RESTAURANT...

DE DUM DUM! BON JOUR, MADAMOISELLE!



BUT BACK AT THE SLUM APARTMENT THERE IS NO HAPPINESS OR JOY IN THE HEART OF MARIE NICOLE. FEAR, TERRIBLE FEAR, FILLS HER AS SHE PICKS UP THE CRUMPLED FORM OF HER SON...

MAMA, MAMA, HE-HE (SOB) HIT ME! AND M-MY STOMACH... MY STOMACH...

SSSSH, SWEETHEART. MAMA WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU!

A DOCTOR IS SUMMONED AND THE PROSTRATE MOTHER LISTENS AS HER WORST FEARS ARE CONFIRMED...

IT'S APPENDICITIS, MADAME NICOLE! HE MUST BE OPERATED ON AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!

O-OPERATION? B-BUT WE HAVE NO MONEY! OH, DEAR LORD, HELP ME... HELP ME!

BUT THERE IS TO BE NO HELP FOR MARIE. BY THE TIME MICHEL CAN BE ADMITTED TO A CHARITY WARD, IT IS TOO LATE...

I'M SORRY, MADAME. HAD WE BEEN ABLE TO OPERATE SOONER WE MIGHT HAVE SAVED HIM!

M-MICHEL, MY SON, (SOB) MY SON!

QUIET

MARIE LEAVES THE HOSPITAL AND WALKS SLOWLY BACK TO THE APARTMENT. HER TEARS ARE NOW DRIED AND IN PLACE OF SORROW, A BURNING, SEARING HATRED CONSUMES HER...

HE KILLED HIM... FRANCOIS KILLED HIM!

SHE WALKS TO THE KITCHEN, TO A WALL WHERE ALL THE KNIVES HANG SPARKLING AND GLITTERING... AND IN HER HYSTERIA, THE MOTHER SEES A FIGURE BEFORE HER...

DADDY MURDERED ME, MAMA! HE MURDERED ME!

YES, DARLING, I KNOW HE DID! AND NOW HE'LL DIE... DIE LIKE A DOG!

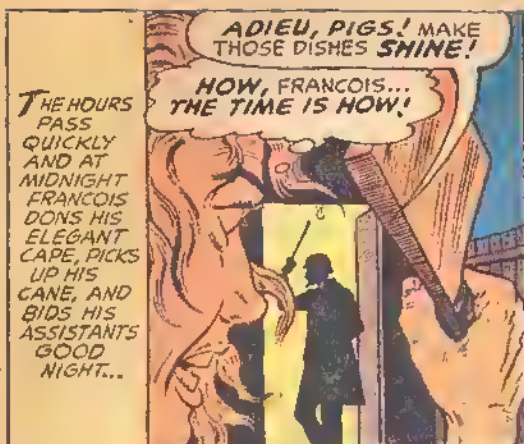
THE RAZOR SHARP CLEAVER IS PLACED IN A PAPER BAG AND MARIE WALKS SLOWLY AND DELIBERATELY TO THE ALLEY BEHIND THE GOURMET... IT IS ONLY EARLY AFTERNOON AND FRANCOIS DOES NOT FINISH WORK UNTIL MIDNIGHT... BUT MARIE HAS PATIENCE, LOTS OF PATIENCE...

HE'S A MURDERER! A COLD-BLOODED MURDERER!

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE GOURMET, UNAWARE THAT HIS WIFE WAITS HIM OUTSIDE, FRANCOIS PREPARES HIS SPECIALTY...

HURRY UP,

IDIOTS! BRING ME THE STUFFING, THE CALVE'S HEARTS ARE READY FOR THE OVEN!



ADIEU, PIGS! MAKE THOSE DISHES SHINE!

HOW, FRANCOIS... THE TIME IS NOW!

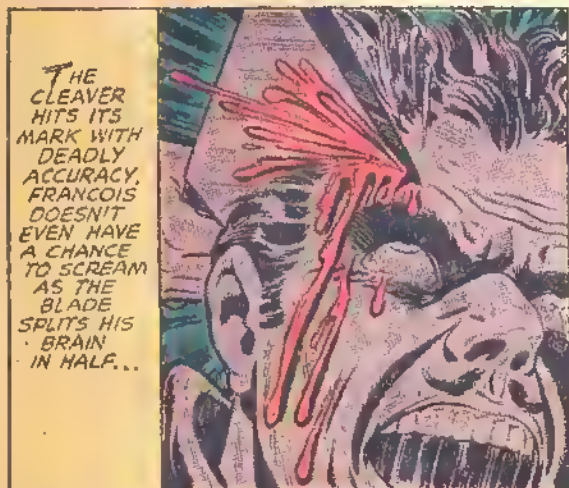
THE HOURS PASS QUICKLY AND AT MIDNIGHT FRANCOIS DONS HIS ELEGANT CAPE, PICKS UP HIS CANE, AND BIDS HIS ASSISTANTS GOOD NIGHT...

THE CHEF'S EYES ARE UNACUSTOMED TO THE INKY DARKNESS OF THE ALLEY AND HE DOES NOT SEE THE FIGURE LOOMING UP BEHIND HIM...



DUM DE DUM... I LOVE PARIS IN THE WINTER...

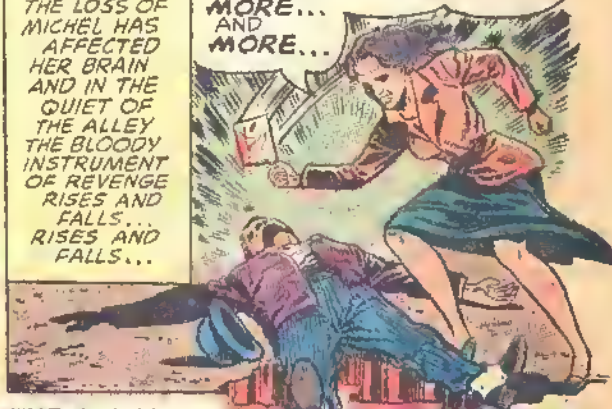
THIS IS FOR MICHEL, MY FINE HUSBAND! A PRESENT FROM YOUR SON!



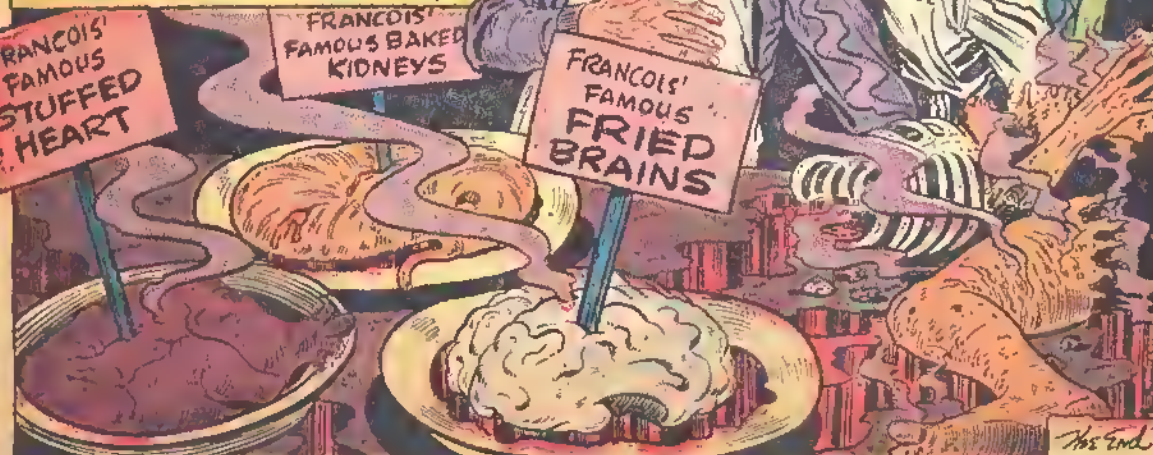
THE CLEAVER HITS ITS MARK WITH DEADLY ACCURACY, FRANCOIS DOESN'T EVEN HAVE A CHANCE TO SCREAM AS THE BLADE SPLITS HIS BRAIN IN HALF...

BUT MERE DEATH IS NOT ENOUGH FOR MARIE. THE LOSS OF MICHEL HAS AFFECTED HER BRAIN AND IN THE QUIET OF THE ALLEY THE BLOODY INSTRUMENT OF REVENGE RISES AND FALLS... RISES AND FALLS...

EVEN DEATH IS TOO GOOD FOR YOU, FRANCOIS! I WANT YOU TO SUFFER MORE AND MORE... AND MORE... AND MORE...



IT IS LATE THE FOLLOWING MORNING NOW AND THE ASSISTANT COOKS OF THE GOURMET ARE ENTERING THE KITCHEN. TCH... TCH... TCH... POOR MEN, THEY'VE JUST FINISHED BREAKFAST AND THEIR STOMACHS AREN'T PREPARED FOR THE SIGHT WHICH GREETES THEM! MARIE SNEAKED INTO THE RESTAURANT LAST NIGHT AFTER EVERYONE HAD GONE HOME AND COOKED A LITTLE MEAL IN REMEMBRANCE OF FRANCOIS. WHOEVER SAID THAT FRANCOIS WAS THE COOK IN THE NICOLE FAMILY WAS WRONG... MARIE REALLY SHOWED THEM A FEW NEW TRICKS WHEN SHE WHIPPED UP THIS LITTLE FEAST! YEP, YOU MIGHT EVEN SAY SHE GAVE THEM A LITTLE FOOD FOR THOUGHT!



FRANCOIS' FAMOUS BAKED KIDNEYS

FRANCOIS' FAMOUS FRIED BRAINS

OH-H, MY BOO!

UGHHH! (GAG!)

The End

GRAVE INFORMATION

By ELLEN LYNN

SANDLOW was a thriving little town. It boasted a movie house. The Grenada, owned by Dick Raymond who took an almost paternal pride in watching the townsfolk crowd into the theater. He enjoyed standing at the entrance greeting his patrons by name—"Hello, John. Pretty good movie today!" or asking about the members of his family, all of whom he knew in a neighborly way: "How's Aunt Millie? Glad she's better, Tom."

Besides, Dick had a nice income from his movie theater. It paid him well . . . except for one week a year—a week in November. For three years in succession, Dick had watched that week's crowds make their way to the Town Hall in the village square, leaving The Grenada almost empty. It wasn't politics, a concert, or important local affairs that drew the business away from him this particular week each year. That he could have accepted. The thing that rankled was that the Great Barrie, magician and mental telepathist, would come to town annually and draw all his patrons from the theater to watch, admire, gasp while Barrie performed his feats of magic—but, most impressive, his mind-reading acts.

It was after the matinee showing, and Dick stood beside the cashier's cage watching the kids flowing out of the doors of the theater. Marie stood silently at his side. He wondered if she was thinking the same thing that he was—that the evening performances would go on to a practically empty house. The Great Barrie was in town and the townspeople were all agog, talking nothing but his mind-reading skill and how they wouldn't miss it for anything. Which meant that his excellent double feature bill would be sacrificed to that "phony," that "charlatan . . ."

"Goodbye, Mr. Raymond. You'll have to take over the box tonight. I won't be back," Marie Denny informed him.

His face flushed as Dick turned to look at Marie. As usual his heart skipped a beat when she turned her large, blue eyes with their heavy lashes, on him. She was just a kid, nineteen, but smart; and a good cashier. He was thirty-two and a "confirmed" bachelor, but the longer he saw Marie, the more his thoughts turned to marriage. A pang shot through him suddenly. Where was she going tonight? Why wouldn't she be back?

She had never missed a performance before.

"Why aren't you coming back, Marie?" he asked, his voice husky. He half feared her answer.

"Sorry, Dick, but I want to see the mind-reader, Barrie. The theater'll be empty anyway, so you won't need me," she replied matter-of-factly.

He let her go. Young as she was, she knew her own mind; he felt there'd be no use arguing. What was there about this Barrie? Was it because he was young and handsome that Marie left her post to go see him? What kind of a stunt was his mind-reading act?

Dick returned to the cashier's cage for the six o'clock show. A few stragglers sauntered in. It was hardly worth keeping the house open. His mind seethed with thoughts of The Great Barrie and of Marie sitting in the audience lost in admiration for what he called "this fake." Suddenly he decided he would sell no more tickets. When the scattered few left the house, he would lock up and call it a day.

The night was dark, with a clouded moon and no stars. A strong pull drew him in the direction of the Town Hall, but he forced himself to continue walking past. A resolution to ask Marie to marry him was strengthening inside him. She was young, pretty, she might be susceptible to a young good-looking man. He imagined her in the hall with the rest of the audience, thrilling to the skill of the attractive performer.

A hoot owl broke the silence with his shrill cry. Dick came back to reality and saw that he was walking past the town cemetery. He hadn't realized he had gone so far out. The gate was slightly ajar and on an impulse he opened it and walked through. In his disturbed emotional state this morbid atmosphere had a peculiar comfort for him. He strolled on the silent paths, occasionally glancing at the head stones whenever the moon suddenly appeared from behind the clouds and briefly lighted up the gloomy darkness. He shivered and a chill passed over him. A slow drizzle began to fall. It was midnight. Dick started back for home. He tried to shake off the gloomy spell that had assailed him. Might as well face it, he was in love and he had better marry Marie. Tomorrow, he'd speak to her.

When Marie showed up for the matinee the

next day, Dick noticed that she was humming and apparently in a gay mood. He invited her to have dinner with him before the evening show. "Oh, but I can't, Dick. Haven't you heard?" she asked in surprise, "Barrie announced he'd give an extra performance this evening. Everybody went wild about him—the Mayor himself was there and got upon the platform and invited Barrie to stay over another day."

"What stupidity!" Dick burst out. "How can they all be taken in by a trickster!"

"But it was amazing, Dick," Marie retorted. "Barrie was able to give names and incidents in the families of almost everyone in the audience. And, you know, he told us whom he was going to telepathize tonight—and I'm going to be one of them. Isn't that exciting?"

A hot flame shot through Dick. "Oh, so that's it! A romantic girl falls for the trickery of a magician—just because he's young and handsome. Don't you know he's a fake!"

This time it was Marie who flushed. "Why, you haven't even seen his work, yet you criticize him and accuse him of trickery. If you think you know so much, Dick, why don't you go tonight; I'll even stay here at the theater so you can see for yourself what amazing things he does."

"Very well, we'll do that. I'll go—and you take care of things here tonight," Dick retorted grimly. "I'll be back in an hour, Marie. I must attend to something now."

Dick walked away. Somehow he must show up that fake telepothist. Perhaps when he went tonight he'd find a way. As he walked moodily, he noticed that the village streets were deserted, as usual on Sunday. Everyone was eating dinner or napping, or reading the papers. And tonight was to offer a special treat, Dick thought with a sneer. . . . a special Sunday performance of the Great Barrie! The little town could talk of nothing else. . . .

Who was that? A tall, slender man was hurrying up the steps of the library. He was looking around, over his shoulder, just as he darted through the entrance. Apparently, he didn't see Dick who had stopped and leaned against a tree trunk to light a cigarette. Why, it was Barrie? Whatever was he doing at the library on Sunday—when it was closed? Dick stamped out his cigarette, waiting breathlessly. Look, Barrie was putting a key in the lock. The door was opening. He disappeared inside. Well, that was it! The great mind-reader was looking up the archives of the families in town and getting information on relatives and events. He probably had a remarkable memory—some people have photographic mem-

ories—and he thus startled all the people in town with his mysterious mind-reading, giving them dates, names and events that a stranger couldn't possibly know! Dick laughed softly to himself, suddenly light-hearted. Unless they have an excellent source of information, he thought in triumph. Then he saw Barrie go to the little cemetery.

That evening he gave Marie a tight hug as he said goodbye. "Well, I'm going to see your amazing mind-reader. Take care of the theater, dear," he said cheerfully, knowing he was going to come back with a story of how he showed up her hero.

The performance had already started when Dick entered. Barrie was giving some amazing details to Jenny Haverford and she and the others were gasping in astonishment. Dick listened a moment. "My God," he thought, "that charlatan is using information from the gravestones, too! He really makes a science of this thing!"

"Does anyone wish to ask me any questions about a departed one?" Barrie was now asking of the audience.

"I do," Dick called out. "Tell me, if you can, the inscription on the gravestone of Marie Denny." There was a snicker throughout the audience. They caught on—Dick was trying to trick Barrie.

Barrie paused and then spoke solemnly. "That is a sad case. Marie was so young and beautiful—only nineteen. Her inscription reads: 'A beautiful flower, cut down too soon.'"

A roar of laughter filled the room. Dick got up and addressed the audience, "Now you see what a fake the Great Barrie is—I've just left Marie Denny at her usual place in the cashier's box at the theater."

Barrie tried to quiet the crowd but they hooted and jeered and he finally walked off the stage. Dick almost ran back to the theater in his haste to report to Marie his clever ruse to catch the fraud. An ambulance was in front of the theater—they were carrying out a stretcher. Who—who?—It—was—Marie! A dire foreboding coursed through him. He spoke to the doctor—she had dropped dead—of a heart attack.

The next week most of the villagers drove with him to Marie's hometown, a hundred miles away. In a dismal rain they all trudged to the open grave waiting to receive the coffin of the dead Marie. A gasp as though from one throat trembled through the air. There stood a headstone at the open pit; it read: A beautiful flower, cut down too soon!

THE END

HEE, HEE, HEE! YOU'LL LIKE THIS SLIMY SAGA OF VILE DESTRUCTION, WE'RE SURE, KIDDIES! JUST USE YOUR HEADS (BOTH OF THEM, THAT IS) AND RELAX WHILE WE TURN YOUR STOMACHS WITH THIS FOUL BIT OF FICTION TITLED...

NO NOOSE IS GOOD NOOSE



WHEN HENREID CALVIN HANGED A MAN IT WAS A JOB **EXQUISITELY** DONE! THERE WAS NEVER ANY DELAY, NEVER A SLIP-UP NEVER A MOVE THAT LACKED HENREID'S USUAL PRECISION!

DEAD AS A DOORWALL, WARDEN... AND RIGHT ON THE DOT OF FOUR AND A HALF MINUTES FROM THE MOMENT I BEGAN!

UNCANNY KNACK

I HAVE, EH, WARDEN?

YES, HENREID, YOU'RE IN FINE FORM!



YOU'RE GIVEN TO **UNDERSTATEMENT**, WARDEN! I'M IN EXCELLENT FORM... AND I'M THE BEST HANGMAN IN THE WORLD!

I'VE WATCHED HIM DO THIS A **HUNDRED** TIMES AND HE ALWAYS GIVES ME THE CREEPS!



AH, A THING OF **BEAUTY**, EH, DOC? LOOK AT HOW **EVENLY** THE NECK BONE IS **CRACKED!** HOW THE **VEINS** AND ...

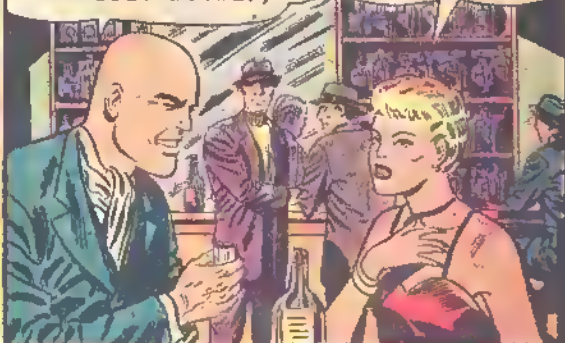
ALL RIGHT, HENREID, **ALL RIGHT!** YOU'RE A **FINE HANGMAN...** LET'S DROP THE SUBJECT!



YES, HENREID ENJOYED HIS WORK... AND HE WANTED THE WHOLE WORLD TO KNOW IT... PARTICULARLY THE CRIMINALS WHOSE HAUNTS IT DELIGHTED HIM TO VISIT.

HAVE ANOTHER DRINK AND I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT THE HANGING OF BAT DRISCOLL TODAY! IT WAS A **LOVELY SIGHT! JUST LOVELY!**

PLEASE, HENREID, CAN'T YOU TALK ABOUT SOMETHING **PLEASANT?**



PLEASANT? WHAT COULD BE **MORE PLEASANT** THAN A HANGING BY HENREID? IT'S A **MASTERPIECE...** A **WORK OF ART!** LOOK AT BULL MCBRIDE AND DUTCH HERREN AT THE BAR... SEE HOW **NERVOUS** MY PRESENCE MAKES THEM?



BULL MCBRIDE AND DUTCH HERREN! IN THE UNDERWORLD THEIR NAMES WERE SPOKEN WITH REVERENCE BUT WHEN THE HANGMAN WAS NEAR EVEN THEY TREMBLED!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, DUTCH! THAT **DIRTY HANGMAN** MAKES ME **SICK!**

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN... I **SWEAR** BY **GOD** SOMEDAY I'M GONNA **KILL HIM!**



OH, BUT YOU'VE GOT IT **WRONG**, DUTCH! SOMEDAY I'LL KILL **YOU!** SOMEDAY I'LL WRAP THE **ROPE** AROUND YOUR NECK AND ...

GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU **CRAZY LOONY!** **BEAT IT** BEFORE I...



YOU CAN'T FRIGHTEN ME, DUTCH... **AND MARK MY WORDS...** IT WILL BE **ME** WHO **ENDS** YOUR LIFE! YOU'LL DIE ON MY **GALLOWES!** YOU'LL **DANGLE** FROM THE **END OF MY ROPE!**

LET'S GET AWAY FROM THIS **LOON!** HE EVEN **SMELLS** OF **DEATH!**



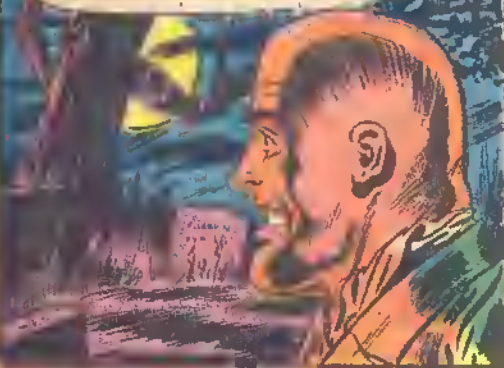
WHEN HENREID FINALLY LEFT THE BAR AND STARTED HOME HE MADE ONE LAST STOP... AT THE PRISON CEMETERY...

GOOD EVENING, MY **FRIENDS!** YOU'RE **RESTING** WELL, I TRUST! I WANT MY "**WORK OF ART**" TO BE **NAPPY!**



YES, HENREID THOUGHT OF HIMSELF AS A TRUE ARTIST... AND THE BODIES OF THE MEN HE'D HANGED WERE HIS **CREATIONS!**

IN LIFE YOU WERE **NOTHING! WORSE THAN NOTHING... MURDERERS, THIEVES, CUT-THROATS...** BUT IN DEATH I'VE MADE YOU **HONORABLE!**



IT WAS SIX MONTHS LATER WHEN DUTCH HERREN MADE ONE FATAL MISTAKE AND ENDED UP AS ANOTHER OF HENREID'S VICTIMS...

IT'S **JUST** LIKE I SAID, I SN'T IT, DUTCH? HERE YOU ARE... ON MY **SCAFFOLD!** BUT DON'T WORRY, MY FRIEND. A HANGING BY HENREID IS **BEAUTIFUL!** IT'S...

WARDEN, DO I HAVE TO LISTEN TO THIS **MANIAC?** **KILL ME** AND GET IT OVER WITH!

GET ON WITH IT, HENREID!



SECONDS LATER, THE HANGING WAS OVER AND DUTCH'S BODY DANGLED LIFELESSLY...

HA! HA! APPRECIATE IT, DUTCH? A **PITY** IT WAS ALL OVER SO FAST, ISN'T IT? YES, IT'S **JUST** THE WAY I **PROMISED, DUTCH!**

BLAST HENREID! HE GETS **WORSE** ALL THE TIME! HE'S **CRAZY!**



DUTCH'S DEATH CAME AS A BITTER BLOW TO HIS FRIEND, BULL, AND THAT NIGHT IN A DINGY ROOM ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN.

HENREID KILLED DUTCH... JUST LIKE HE SAID AND TONIGHT HE'LL BE COMING AROUND TO DOLAN'S PLACE TO **BRAG** ABOUT IT... BUT IT'LL BE THE LAST TIME HE DOES!

YUH GONNA **KILL** HIM, BULL?



NO! THAT'D BE **TOO GOOD** FOR HIM... **TOO EASY!** I'M GONNA **CRACK EVERY BONE** IN HIS BODY. I'M GONNA **MAKE A CRIPPLE** OUT OF HIM-- AND THE MORE HE **SCREAMS**, THE **BETTER** I'LL LIKE IT!

SOUNDS **LIKE FUN, BULL!** **REAL FUN!**



AND LATER WHEN HENREID CAME OUT OF DOLAN'S PLACE...

WELL... WELL... SO YOU TURNED UP AFTER ALL, BULL! I **MISSED** YOU TONIGHT! I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU!

YOU'RE NOT DOING ANY MORE TALKING TO US, **HANG-MAN!**



INTO THE ALLEY, HENREID!

FOOLS, YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! I'M **INDISPENSABLE** TO THE PRISON DEATH HOUSES OF **FIVE STATES!** THEY'LL HUNT YOU DOWN LIKE **DOGS!**



WE'RE SAFE ENOUGH, HENREID!
YOU SEE WE'RE NOT GOING
TO KILL YOU! WE'RE JUST
GOING TO BREAK EVERY
BONE IN YOUR BODY...
LIKE THIS!

LISTEN
TO THAT
ARM
BREAK...
IT'S LIKE
MUSIC!

OH-H-H-H!

THE
BRUTAL
BEATING
LASTED
FOR AN
HOUR
AND
HENREID'S
SCREAMS
SUBSIDED
INTO LOW
MOANS
OF
DESPAIR...
HE WAS
LIKE A
WOUNDED
ANIMAL...

UGH-H...
(MOAN)...
AGHRRR...
(MOAN)...

NOW THIS
IS MY
IDEA OF A
PLEASANT
EVENING!

BETTER CUT
IT OUT SOON,
BULL! HE LOOKS
HALF-DEAD
TO ME!

WHEN THE AVENGERS WALKED OUT
OF THE ALLEY, THEY LEFT ONLY A
BROKEN, SHATTERED HULK BEHIND...

BUT HENREID LIVED... AND
MONTHS LATER...

YOUR RECOVERY
IS A MEDICAL
MARVEL!
MR. HENREID!
OF COURSE,
WE CAN NEVER
DO ANYTHING
ABOUT YOUR
CRIPPLED
BODY!

MY BODY
IS STILL
GOOD
ENOUGH TO
DO MY JOB...
AND THAT'S
ALL THAT
COUNTS!

BUT HENREID WAS WRONG...

I'M SORRY,
HENREID... IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!
WE NEED A
HANGMAN WE
CAN DEPEND
ON... AND YOU'RE
JUST NOT FIT!
THE WARDENS
OF THE OTHER
PRISONS FEELS
EXACTLY
THE SAME WAY!

FIT? BUT I
TELL YOU I
HAVEN'T
LOST MY
SKILL!
UNDERSTAND
BENTON
IS THE
OFFICIAL
HANGMAN NOW!
WHY... THE
MAN KNOWS
NOTHING
ABOUT THE ART
...NOTHING!

BUT IT WAS NO USE! NO PRISON WOULD
EMPLOY THE CRIPPLED HENREID... AND
BITTERNESS RANKLED IN THE HANGMAN'S
COLD HEART...

NOT FIT, THEY SAY...
I'LL SHOW THEM! AND
THE MEN WHO MAIMED
ME WILL BE THE
MEANS OF SHOWING
JUST HOW FIT
I AM!

WHEN BULL MCBRIDE RETURNED TO HIS ROOM THAT
NIGHT, HORROR GREETED HIM...

HENREID CAN
PERFORM A GOOD HANGING UNDER THE MOST
DIFFICULT CONDITIONS,
BULL! DON'T YOU AGREE?

AGH-H!

AND AN HOUR LATER, THE OTHER THUG MET THE SAME END IN HIS ROOM...

NOT EVEN SOMETHING OVERHEAD TO RUN THE ROPE THROUGH, BUT YOU'RE DYING JUST THE SAME BECAUSE HENREID IS A MASTER! AN ARTIST!

AGH-H!

IT DIDN'T TAKE THE POLICE LONG TO DECIDE WHO THE MURDERER HAD BEEN...

THE SAME KNOTS ON BOTH NOOSES... THAT SPECIAL KNOT THAT ONLY ONE MAN EVER USED!

HENREID! I HEARD HE WAS SORE BECAUSE HE COULDN'T GET HIS JOB BACK... AND REMEMBER WHEN HE WENT TO THE HOSPITAL HE TOLD US BULL HAD CRIPPLED HIM... BUT WE COULDN'T PROVE IT!

WHEN THE POLICE CAME FOR HIM, HENREID DID NOT DENY HIS GUILT! HE WAS A MAN WHOSE MISSION WAS ALMOST ACCOMPLISHED, AND WHEN HIS TRIAL WAS OVER...

...AND YOU SHALL BE HANGED BY THE NECK UNTIL YOU ARE DEAD!

THEN... IN THE PRISON WHERE HENREID HAD ONCE BEEN HANGMAN...

YOU SAID I WAS NO LONGER FIT TO HANG MEN, WARDEN! I'VE PROVED YOU WERE WRONG... AND I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU FURTHER PROOF!

I'D LIKE TO BE KIND, HENREID... BUT I CAN'T! YOU'RE EVIL ALL THE WAY THROUGH... AND I'M GLAD BENTON WILL BE HANGING YOU TOMORROW!

BENTON HANG ME? THAT CLUMSY OAF! HA, HA! NEVER! NEVER!

AND THAT NIGHT... WHEN AN UNWARY TURNKEY ANSWERED HENREID'S CALL AND CAME TOO CLOSE TO THE BARS OF HIS CELL...

HA! HA! THIS, MCFARLAND, IS JUST A VARIATION ON HANGING! SIMPLE... IF DONE WITH SKILL!

AGH-H-H!

IT WAS OVER AN HOUR BEFORE THE TURNKEY'S BODY WAS DISCOVERED AND IN THAT HOUR HENREID, WHO KNEW THE AREA BETTER THAN THE PALM OF HIS OWN HAND, HAD AMPLE TIME TO EFFECT HIS ESCAPE...

BENTON! THAT BUNGLING IDIOT! NO, IT WAS NOT MEANT THAT I, THE GREAT HENREID, DIE BY HIS HAND! HA HA!

THE SEARCH FOR THE MAD CRIPPLE LASTED LONG INTO THE NIGHT... AND ON INTO THE NEXT DAY... AND THE NEXT DAY... BUT TO NO AVAIL. THE STATE POLICE OF THREE STATES WERE UNABLE TO FIND HIM!

THOSE DARN DOGS! I GUESS THEY THINK THAT **SQUIRREL** IN THE TREE IS HENREID!

I TELL YOU IT'S NOPELESS! WE'LL NEVER FIND HIM!



AND MEANWHILE IN A SECRET CAVE NOT FIVE MILES FROM THE PRISON...

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW! NO, NOT LONG AT ALL!



A MONTH HAD PASSED WHEN TWO HUNTERS LOST IN THE WOODS CAME ACROSS A STRANGE AND HORRIFYING SIGHT...

WH... ON, MY GOD!

N-NO! HOW... NOW...



THEIR HEARTS FILLED WITH FEAR, THEY RAN SCREAMING FROM THE WOODS AND FOUND THEMSELVES AT THE GATES OF THE PRISON. AN HOUR LATER THE WARDEN AND THREE GUARDS MADE THEIR WAY BACK TO THE SCENE OF THE DISCOVERY...

WARDEN... DO YOU SUPPOSE...? I MEAN, DO YOU THINK MAYBE...?

I DON'T KNOW, HOWARD. I DON'T KNOW!



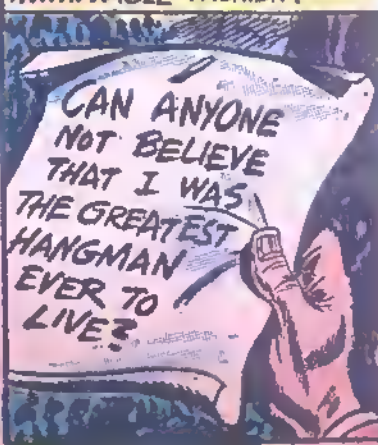
BUT WHEN THEY REACHED THE GRISLY SIGHT THERE COULD BE NO DOUBT...

HOLY COW! LOOK AT IT!

THAT'S HIM! ALL RIGHT... AND LOOK THERE'S A NOTE ATTACHED TO THE TREE!



YES, THE BODY WAS HENREID'S. THE MAD HANGMAN HAD AN ODD SENSE OF JUSTICE... HE HAD NO INTENTION OF ESCAPING PUNISHMENT... HE MERELY WISHED TO BE THE EXECUTIONER... IN HIS OWN INIMITABLE FASHION!



YUP, THAT'S RIGHT, KIDDIES, WE DON'T KNOW HOW HE DID IT... BUT HENREID HANGED HIMSELF!



THE END

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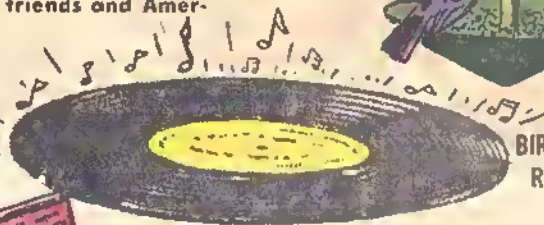
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"With God . . .

all things are possible!"

Are you facing difficult Problems? Poor Health? Money or Job Troubles? Love or Family Troubles? Are you Worried about someone dear to you? Is some one dear to you Drinking too Much? Do you ever get Lonely — Unhappy — Discouraged? Would you like to have more Happiness, Success and "Good Fortune" in Life?

If you do have any of these Problems, or others like them, dear friend, then here is wonderful NEWS — NEWS of a remarkable NEW WAY of PRAYER that is helping thousands of other men and women to glorious NEW happiness and joy! Whether you have always believed in PRAYER or not, this remarkable NEW WAY may bring a whole NEW world of happiness and joy to you—and very, very quickly too!

So don't wait, dear friend. Don't let another minute go by! If you are troubled, worried or unhappy IN ANY WAY — we invite you to clip this Message now and mail with 6c in stamps so we can rush FULL INFORMATION to you by AIR MAIL about this remarkable NEW WAY of PRAYER that is helping so many others and may just as certainly and quickly help YOU!

You will surely bless this day—so please don't delay! Just clip this Message now and mail with your name, address and 6c in stamps to LIFE-STUDY FELLOWSHIP, Box 2204, Noroton, Conn. We will rush this wonderful NEW Message of PRAYER and FAITH to you by AIR MAIL.

SO, YOU'RE GLUTTONS FOR PUNISHMENT, EH, CHILDREN? JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH TERROR TO FILL YOUR GHOSTLY APPETITES? WELL, IF THIS FEAR-FILLED SAGA OF SUSPENSE DOESN'T SATISFY YOU, NOTHING WILL! WE TAKE YOU 100 FEET BELOW WATER TO PRESENT THE TALE CALLED...

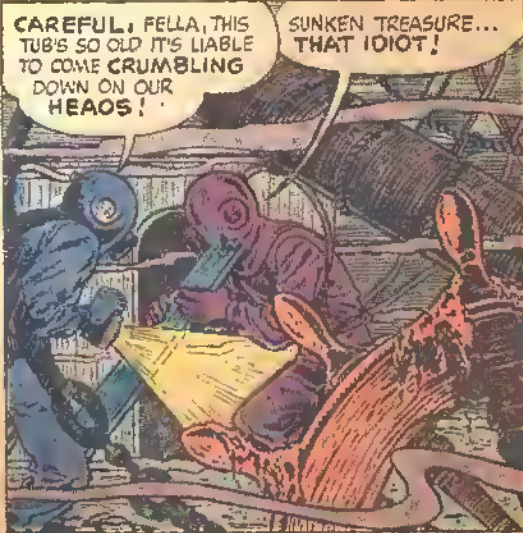
Partners in Death



YOUR NAME IS HAROLD WEST. YOU'RE A DEEP-SEA DIVER AND WITH YOUR PARTNER, WALTER NORTON, YOU EXPLORE THE INKY BLACKNESS BENEATH THE SEA. THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE DOING RIGHT NOW, ISN'T IT, HAROLD? YOU AND WALTER TALK THROUGH THE SPECIAL MICRO-PHONES BUILT INTO YOUR HELMETS...



YOU'VE BEEN HIRED BY A CRAZY ECCENTRIC TO LOCATE THE HULL OF A SHIP SUPPOSEDLY SUNK OFF THE FLORIDA COAST IN 1674! THE OLD MAN INSISTS THE SHIP CARRIED A TREASURE IN JEWELS, BUT YOU AND WALTER THINK HE'S WACKY!



YOU MAKE YOUR WAY CAUTIOUSLY INTO WHAT WAS ONCE THE HOLD OF THE ROTTING VESSEL. IT'S PITCH BLACK INSIDE AND EVEN THOUGH YOU CAN'T SMELL IT, YOU KNOW THE MOLDED WOOD EXUDES A MUSTY, RANCID ODOR...

NO SENSE WASTING MUCH TIME LOOKING FOR...

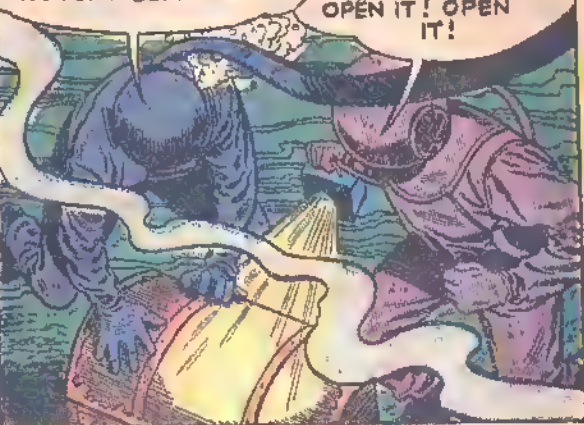
HEY, HAROLD! LOOK... A CHEST!



YOU BOTH GLIDE SLOWLY TO THE ANCIENT SEA CHEST... AND AS YOUR FINGERS GRIP ITS SLIMY LID, YOU FEEL YOUR HEART START TO POUND. COULD IT POSSIBLY BE?

GOOD GRIEF, WALTER, YOU DON'T SUPPOSE...

I DON'T KNOW, BUT FOR PETE'S SAKE, OPEN IT! OPEN IT!



TREMBLING, YOU SHOVE BACK THE HEAVY LID... AND THERE, DANCING AND GLEAMING BEFORE YOUR EYES, IS A FORTUNE IN GEMS, DIAMONDS, RUBIES, PEARLS, SAPPHIRES, ALL GLIMMERING, ALL PRECIOUS!

HOLY COW!!

RIPE! LOOK AT 'EM!



THE FORTUNE OF MIDAS IS AT YOUR FEET, ISN'T IT, HAROLD? THIS IS THE KIND OF THING MEN DREAM ABOUT: **SUNKEN TREASURE!** YOU FEEL LIKE LAUGHING, SCREAMING, DANCING... AND THEN WALTER'S VOICE BREAKS THROUGH TO YOU...

THE OLD MAN PROMISED US A **BONUS** IF WE FOUND IT! THIS OUGHTA BE WORTH AT LEAST A **THOUSAND** A PIECE!



YES, YOU'D FORGOTTEN, HAROLD... THE FORTUNE ISN'T YOURS! IT BELONGS TO THE MAN WHO HIRED YOU! ALL YOU'RE GOING TO GET IS A LOUSY, LITTLE BONUS!

HE'S SO STUPID YOU'D LIKE TO SMASH HIM IN THE TEETH! "WHATTA YOU MEAN?"

A THOUSAND BUCKS! WHAT'S THAT? THIS STUFF IS WORTH A MILLION... MAYBE TWO MILLION! USE YOUR HEAD, WALT!

WHATTA YOU MEAN?

DON'T BE A FOOL... WE CAN KEEP ALL OF THIS FOR OURSELVES! WE DON'T HAVE TO SHARE WITH THE OLD MAN! HE DOESN'T KNOW WE FOUND THE STUFF!

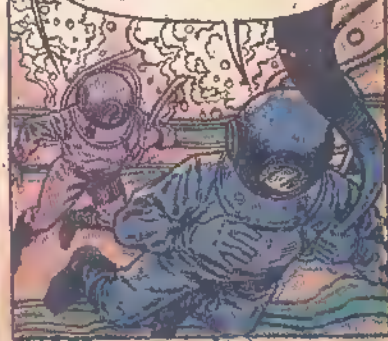
HEY, YOU'RE RIGHT, HAROLD!



AND SO, AS YOU'RE PULLED TO THE SURFACE YOU LAY YOUR PLAN...

WE'LL TELL HIM THE CHEST WAS THERE... BUT EMPTY! THAT SOMEBODY MUST HAVE BEATEN HIM TO IT!

YEAH, THEN WE BETTER WAIT A MONTH OR SO... AND DIVE AT NIGHT WHEN WE GO AFTER THE JEWELS!



OLD JACOBY HOWARD IS BADLY DISAPPOINTED WHEN HE HEARS THE NEWS, ISN'T HE, HAROLD? HE'S SUNK HIS LAST DIME INTO THIS VENTURE...AND NOW HIS DREAMS COME CRASHING DOWN AROUND HIS HEAD...

EMPTY! IT--IT WAS THERE EMPTY! THAT'S RIGHT, MR. HOWARD! CLEANED OUT! TOUGH LUCK, SIR!



YOU AND WALTER GET OUT OF YOUR DIVING SUITS, CHANGE CLOTHES AND PREPARE TO GO HOME. AS YOU TIE YOUR SHOES A THOUGHT OCCURS TO YOU...A VERY IMPORTANT THOUGHT...

BY THE WAY, WALT, YOU BETTER NOT MENTION ANY OF THIS TO ELLIE! YOU KNOW HOW WOMEN ARE... SHE MIGHT BLAB IT ALL OVER TOWN! GOOD IDEA! HAROLD! I WON'T SAY A WORD!

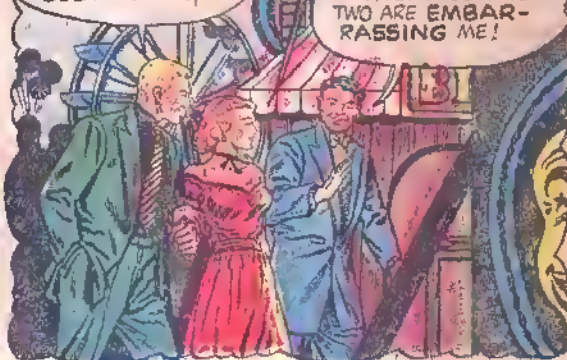


ELLIE IS WALTER'S WIFE...BUT ALTHOUGH THEY'VE BEEN MARRIED THREE YEARS, YOU CAN'T GET USED TO THE IDEA, ELLIE WAS YOUR GIRL ONCE, REMEMBER, HAROLD?

BUT THAT WAS BEFORE SHE MET WALTER. HE HAD BEEN WORKING IN SOUTH AMERICA AND THEY DIDN'T MEET UNTIL HE RETURNED A FEW MONTHS AFTER YOUR ENGAGEMENT PARTY...

HAPPY ENGAGEMENT, DARLING! AND WITHIN A YEAR IT'LL BE HAPPY WEDDING! OH, YES, HAROLD, YES!

I TOLD YOU, YOU'D LIKE HIM. ELLIE! GREAT GUY, ISN'T HE? MY BEST FRIEND! HE-HE'S WONDERFUL, HAROLD!



HEY, CUT IT OUT! YOU TWO ARE EMBARRASSING ME!

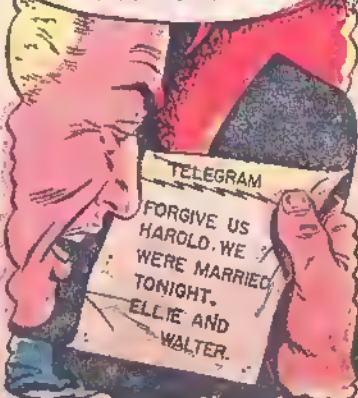
AND WHEN ELLIE GREW COLDER TOWARD YOU, YOU DIDN'T KNOW THE REASON, DID YOU, HAROLD? YOU WERE BLIND...BLIND AS ONLY A MAN IN LOVE CAN BE...

YES, YOU WERE A BIG, STUPID JERK, HAROLD! WHEN THE TELEGRAM CAME IT WAS A BOLT FROM OUT OF THE BLUE...

BUT THAT WAS OVER TWO YEARS AGO AND ON NIGHTS LIKE TONIGHT, WHEN YOU HAVE DINNER WITH WALTER AND ELLIE, YOU TRY TO IGNORE THE OLD FEELINGS OF RESENTMENT AND BETRAYAL...

ELLIE, WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU'VE BEEN ACTING SO FUNNY LATELY...AND NOW YOU WON'T EVEN KISS ME GOOD NIGHT! N-NOTHING'S THE MATTER, HAROLD! I... ER...I'VE GOT A COLD! I'M AFRAID YOU'LL CATCH IT!

W-WHAT? OH, MY GOD, NO...NO...



TELEGRAM
FORGIVE US HAROLD. WE WERE MARRIED TONIGHT. ELLIE AND WALTER.

THIS GAL SURE CAN COOK, EH, HAROLD? YEAH, SHE'S A FINE COOK! SWELL!



YOUR NEXT PLAN STARTS THIS VERY INSTANT AS YOU WATCH THE HAPPY COUPLE, LAUGHING, WASH THE DISHES... YOU'RE A MAN FILLED WITH HATE... A VINDICTIVE MAN!

WE'LL BE OUT IN A MINUTE, HAROLD!

TAKE YOUR TIME, BOY!

WHY NOT? I CAN WORK IT OUT TO THE LAST DETAIL! PLAN IT PERFECTLY!

WHEN YOU LEAVE, WALTER WALKS YOU TO THE GATE... AND YOU GET YOUR DIABOLICAL SCHEME STARTED...

REMEMBER WALT, NOT A WORD TO ELLIE! AND YOU'D BETTER GET SOME EXCUSES READY FOR WHEN YOU HAVE TO BE GONE NIGHTS!

YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT, FOR WHEN WE GO DIVING! OKAY, DON'T WORRY! I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING!

IT'S A MONTH LATER AND NOW YOU AND WALTER ARE COMPLETING YOUR FIFTH TRIP DOWN TO THE TREASURE...

GOOD BOY, WALT! THAT'S JUST ABOUT HALF! ANOTHER FIVE OR SIX NIGHTS AND WE'LL BE FINISHED!

BOY, I SURE HOPE SO! ELLIE'S BEGINNING TO LOOK SUSPICIOUS WHEN I TELL HER I'M GOING FOR A "LITTLE WALK!"

YOU AND WALTER ALTERNATE DIVING AND ON THE ELEVENTH AND FINAL NIGHT, BY CAREFUL ARRANGEMENT, WALTER MAKES THE LAST TRIP...

OKAY, BOY, THIS IS IT! I'M AT THE SHIP AND GETTING ALL THE REST OF THE STUFF!

FINE, WALTER, FINE! AND YOU'RE SO RIGHT, FELLA... THIS IS IT!

YOU'VE GOT THE KNIFE IN YOUR HAND NOW AND WITH A GRIM SATISFACTION, YOU BRING THE RAZOR-SHARP BLADE SLASHING DOWN ON THE AIR-LINE CONNECTING WITH WALTER'S SUIT...

SO LONG, OLD PAL! TCH...TCH...TCH... A PITY TO HAVE TO GIVE UP THAT LAST LOAD, BUT NO SENSE BEING A PIG, I GUESS!

AND BELOW, AS HIS AIR SUPPLY QUICKLY DWINDLES...

HAROLD! M-MY AIR IS GETTING THIN! CHECK THE LINE! QUICK!

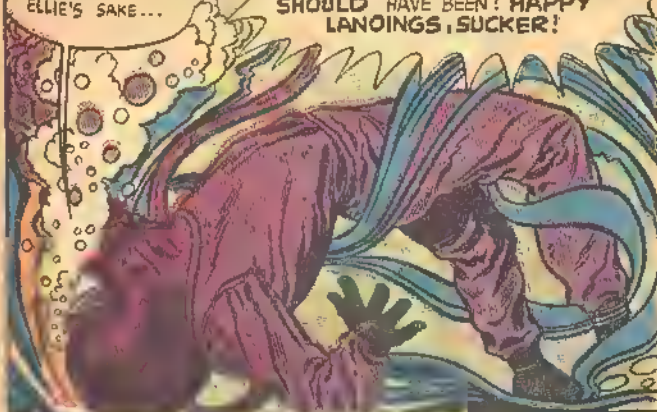
SOMETHING'S WRONG, HAROLD! PULL ME UP! PULL ME UP!

THERE'S NOTHING WRONG, WALT! NOT A THING! YOU HAVE NO AIR BECAUSE I CUT YOUR LINE!

IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG FOR A MAN TO SUFFOCATE AND WALTER'S CRIES BECOME WEAKER AND WEAKER...

H-HAROLD (CHOKES)
P-PLEASE...PLEASE
...FOR (CHOKES)
ELLIE'S SAKE...

THAT'S JUST WHY I'M DOING IT, BOY...
FOR ELLIE! SHE'S GOING TO BE
MINE AGAIN, WALT...JUST LIKE SHE
SHOULD HAVE BEEN! **HAPPY
LANDINGS, SUCKER!**



IT'S FIVE YEARS LATER NOW AND EVERYTHING HAS GONE EXACTLY AS YOU PLANNED, HASN'T IT, HAROLD? AFTER AN INTENSIVE SEARCH, WALTER'S "DISAPPEARANCE" WAS LISTED AS "OFFICIALLY DEAD" AND ELLIE MARRIED YOU...

I'LL BE HOME FROM THE OFFICE
EARLY, DARLING! DON'T FORGET
TONIGHT'S THE BIG PARTY AT
THE PLAZA-ROYAL!

I'LL BE READY,
SWEETHEART!



YES, THINGS HAVE GONE SMOOTHLY. YOU OPENED A LARGE SALVAGE BUSINESS AND, EVEN THOUGH YOU DON'T NEED THE MONEY, THE BUSINESS HAS DONE WELL...

...AND IN REGARD TO YOUR LETTER
OF THE 14-TH, I FEEL THAT WE CAN
SUBMIT A BID WHICH WILL...



YOU AND ELLIE HAVE A TWENTY ROOM
HOUSE IN THE CITY AND A TEN ROOM
"COTTAGE" AT THE BEACH WHERE YOU
SPENT YOUR SUMMERS...WHO CAN
DENY THAT YOU'VE GOTTEN AWAY WITH
MURDER, HAROLD?

FIVE YEARS AGO TONIGHT I KILLED
HIM! HAHA! YOU MIGHT SAY IT WAS
MY ANNIVERSARY! WASN'T THREE
MILES FROM HERE EITHER, OVER
BY THE OLD PIERSON DOCKS!



YOU SMILE AT THE THOUGHT OF
WALTER'S FUTILE SCREAMS AND PRE-
PARE TO TAKE YOUR EVENING DIP!
THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO, EH,
HAROLD? WHY WASTE TIME THINKING
ABOUT IT...

HAROLD, HONEY, DON'T STAY IN TOO
LONG! YOU KNOW HOW BAD THE
UNDERTOW IS AT THIS TIME
OF DAY!

DON'T WORRY, ELLIE!
I'M AN OLD DIVER... I
KNOW THESE WATERS
LIKE THE PALM OF
MY HAND!



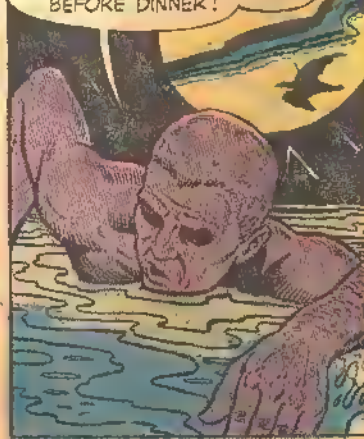
AND WHEN WALTER'S LAST MOANS ECHO
ACROSS THE DARK WATERS YOU HAUL UP THE
DANGLING END OF HIS LINE AND THE JOB IS
ENDED! WALTER IS DEAD...AND YOU'RE RICHER
BY AT LEAST A MILLION DOLLARS!

I IMAGINE ELLIE WON'T HAVE TOO HARD
A TIME FORGETTING WALT WITH A FEW
OF THESE LITTLE THINGS DANGLING
AROUND HER NECK!



YOU LIKE SWIMMING, HAROLD, AND
WITH LONG HARD STROKES YOU CUT
ACROSS THE CHOPPY BAY...

NOTHING LIKE A GOOD SWIM
BEFORE DINNER!



AND WHEN YOU BEGIN TO TIRE A LITTLE YOU FLOAT ON YOUR BACK, CONTENT TO FEEL THE AIR AND WATER LAPPING AGAINST YOUR BODY... BUT, WAIT A MINUTE, WHAT'S THAT GRABBING HOLD OF YOU, HAROLD?

HEY! WHAT THE...



YOU'RE BEING PULLED DOWN INTO THE WATER AND WRAPPED AROUND YOUR STOMACH LIKE A STEEL VISE ARE THE HANDS AND ARMS OF...

A SKELETON! NO, THIS IS CRAZY! I...I...



BUT YOU CAN'T TALK NOW, HAROLD... YOU'RE UNDERWATER, STRUGGLING FOR YOUR LIFE, STRUGGLING AGAINST A CORPSE...

WALTER (CHOKE)... GLUBBB...



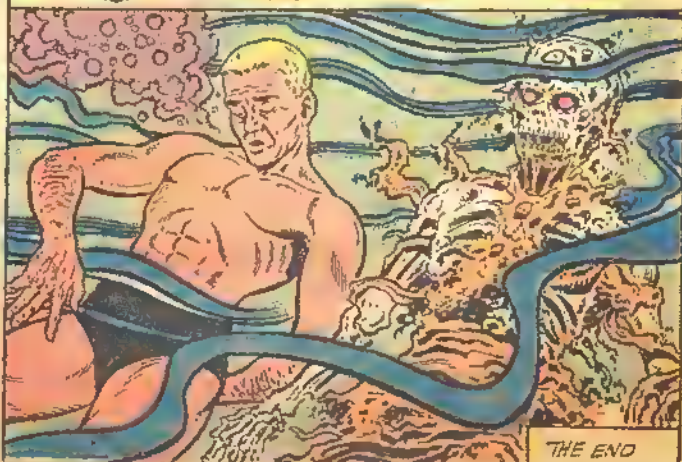
YOU'RE BEING INRENCHED DOWNWARD... DOWNWARD, AND THE PRESSURE OF YOUR LUNGS GROWS MORE INTENSIVE! YOU CAN'T BREATHE, YOU'RE CHOKING, AND LAUGHING IN YOUR FACE IS WALTER!

WALTER'S BEEN WAITING FOR YOU, HASN'T HE, HAROLD? WAITING FOR REVENGE... THE FLESH HANGS FROM HIS ROTTED CORPSE AND HIS HANDS, CLUTCHING YOUR THROAT ARE THICK WITH GREEN SLIME...



YOU'RE GROWING WEAKER AND WEAKER... THE STRUGGLE IS ALMOST OVER, HAROLD... EVERYTHING IS ALMOST OVER... YOU'RE DYING...

AND NOW YOU'RE DEAD... AS THE WATER FILLS YOUR LUNGS AND YOU SLUMP TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA THE CORPSE ALSO CEASES TO MOVE... THE TWO OF YOU LIE SIDE-BY-SIDE... PARTNERS AGAIN - IN DEATH!



THE END

new figure mold HIDE-A-WAIST

17 Sensational Features

Streamline Your Waist

Hide Bulges

Say "good-bye" to that unbecoming tummy bulge and clumsy waistline... AND instead... enjoy what you need most for your figure with HIDE-A-WAIST. Wear it and presto-chango — like magic you have graceful alluring curves. The unwanted bulge is evenly and comfortably banished. There are 17 sectional features that effect flattering curves. Keeps you smoothly shapely no matter what angle... sit, bend, stand or walk with comfortable, even grace. The secret of glamorous, stylish, women is to look graceful and alluring with a thinned waist line.

ADJUSTABLE To Tailor-Made Fit

The adjustable features allow you to get the custom fit perfection, comfort and attractiveness of a tailor fit. It's practical.

made to order for your figure. Gives you poise and posture. The 17 sections automatically mold your figure.

You get the support you need with unbelievable comfort. The specially designed concave effect permits

HIDE-A-WAIST to adapt itself to your own diaphragm. You've never seen anything like it. You've never enjoyed

so much freedom, comfort and style in anything else you've worn. The four extra-length detachable garters complete

HIDE-A-WAIST. Comfortable too, without garters.

BEAUTIFUL IN YOUR HAND EXQUISITE ON YOUR FORM

You'll marvel at the value and beauty when you see your new HIDE-A-WAIST... BUT... when you put it on and see your new self, you'll be the happiest girl in the world. You'll look as thin and graceful as a sixteen-year-old nymph. Order your HIDE-A-WAIST now. It's new and not available in stores. Order direct without risk. You must be 100% delighted or we refund your money. Comes in sizes up to 40. The introductory price is indeed a bargain. Sizes up to 34 only \$2.98, plus postage. Sizes 35 and over One Dollar extra. (50¢ extra for the four extra-length detachable adjustable garters.)

ONLY
2.98
2 FOR
\$5.95

The S. J. Wegman Co.
35 Wilbur St. Lynbrook, N.Y.

Dept. 560-H,

Rush my new HIDE-A-WAIST three-in-one at once. If I am not thrillingly satisfied I will return it after 10-day FREE trial for prompt refund of full purchase price.

Size _____ (waist size in inches).

Also send _____ sets of extra-length detachable and adjustable garters at only 50¢ for set of four.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus few cents postage.

☐ I enclose payment. The S. J. Wegman Co. will pay postage.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

You will look charmingly chic in your new Hide-A-Waist. Your stylish waistline will add new glamor to your favorite frocks... you will walk with an "air" of satisfaction and poise.



HIDE-A-WAIST.
Back View

10 DAY TRIAL FREE!

NOTE Fashion has emphasized the streamlined waist. Be up to the minute when you parade your pretty self... order your HIDE-A-WAIST now! Send direct to us for your HIDE-A-WAIST today. Wear it 10 days FREE and, if not delighted, return for prompt refund of full purchase price. Act at once, while this introductory offer is open. Just fill in coupon and drop it in the mail. We ship C.O.D. plus postage. But hurry coupon.

**Safe, New
Easy Way**

STOPS "NAIL BITING" HABIT *INSTANTLY!*



**Ends Shame, Pain
and Embarrassment
of Torn, Ragged,
Chewed Fingernails**

Doctors agree "nail biting" is a vicious, ugly, unsanitary habit that often leads to serious infections, ugly ingrown nails, pain and embarrassment. Now amazing new medical formula safely stops fingernail biting habit almost instantly. In just days fingernails grow longer, lovelier, healthier with exclusive Elmorene Formula 246. Safe, easy as washing your hands, just rub across fingertips. No sticky lacquers, gloves or trick devices. Formula 246 is invisible on fingers . . . nobody knows your secret. **ORDER TODAY!**

SEND NO MONEY—7 Day Trial Offer

Send name and address. On arrival pay postman only \$2.98 plus C.O.D. charges. Formula 246 must break "nail biting" habit. At end of only 7 days fingernails must be longer, healthier or full refund. Sent in plain package. (Send cash, we pay all postage charges . . . same guarantee). **FREE** of extra cost! Pocket size fingernail brush included on orders from this ad. **WRITE TODAY!**

290 Madison Ave.

ELMORENE CO.

Dept. 87,
New York 17, N.Y.

How I foxed the Navy

by Arthur Godfrey

The Navy almost scuttled me. I shudder to think of it. My crazy career could have ended right there. Who knows, I might still be bumming Chesterfields instead of selling them.

To be scuttled by the Navy you've either got to do something wrong or neglect to do something right. They've got you both ways. For my part, I neglected to finish high school.

Ordinarily, a man can get along without a high school diploma. Plenty of men have. But not in the Navy. At least not in the U. S. Navy Materiel School at Bellevue, D. C., back in 1929. In those days a bluejacket had to have a mind like Einstein's. And I didn't.

"Godfrey," said the lieutenant a few days after I'd checked in, "either you learn mathematics and learn it fast or out you go. I'll give you six weeks." This, I figured, was it. For a guy who had to take off his shoes to count



above ten, it was an impossible assignment.

I was ready to turn in my bell-bottoms. But an ad in a magazine stopped me. Here, it said, is your chance to get special training in almost any subject—mathematics included. I hopped on it. Within a week I was enrolled with the International Correspondence Schools studying algebra, geometry and trig for all I was worth.

Came week-end liberty, I studied. Came a holiday, I studied. Came the end of the six weeks, I was top man in the class. Within six weeks I had mastered two years of high school math, thanks to the training I'd gotten.

I.C.S. made the impossible—easy!

GET EXPERT GUIDANCE 2 FREE BOOKS

Free, illustrated catalog on career that interests you. Also 36-page, pocket-size guide to advancement, "How to Succeed." Just mail the coupon!

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

ICS

BOX 2820, SCRANTON 9, PENNA.

Without cost or obligation, send me "HOW TO SUCCEED" and the booklet about the course BEFORE which I have marked X:

- | | | | | |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Art | <input type="checkbox"/> Painting Contractor | <input type="checkbox"/> Pulp and Paper Making | <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Power and Light | <input type="checkbox"/> Combustion Engineering |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Magazine Illustrating | <input type="checkbox"/> Air Conditioning | <input type="checkbox"/> Plastics | <input type="checkbox"/> Lineman | <input type="checkbox"/> Diesel—Electric |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Fashion Illustrating | <input type="checkbox"/> Electrician | <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL, STRUCTURAL ENGINEERING | <input type="checkbox"/> HIGH SCHOOL | <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Light and Power |
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Occupation _____
☐ Check here for booklet "A" if under 18 years of age.

Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada. . . . Special tuition rates to members of the U. S. Armed Forces.